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November 27, 1976

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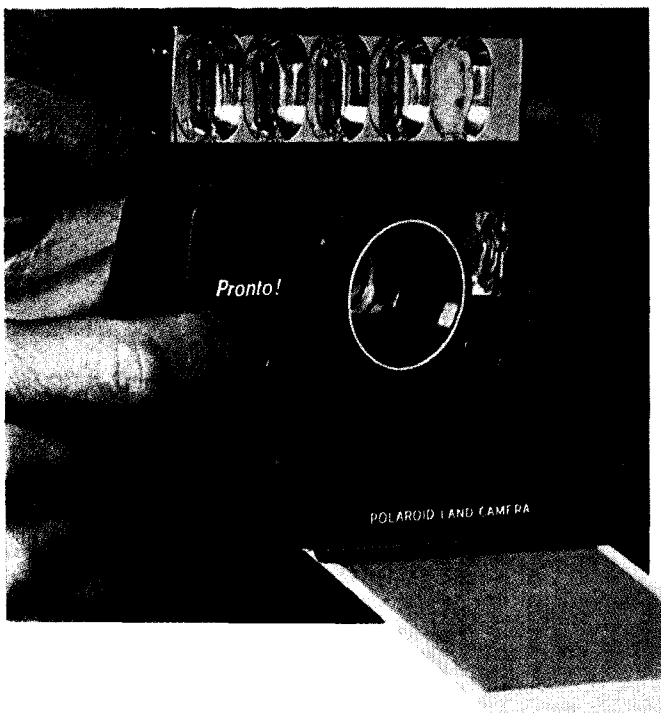

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Saturday Review

November 27, 1976

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The Unrepresented Species

"True security begins with the knowledge that no great national edifices are going to be built on a foundation of universal suicide."

THE political slogan that is synonymous with the American Revolution, as almost every schoolchild knows, is "No Taxation Without Representation." The slogan applies not just to taxation but to all actions by government that have an effect on the lives of people.

This principle is in trouble in the modern world. National governments do not regard themselves as accountable for actions they take beyond their own boundaries. There is only token recognition of the fact that all peoples are tied to the same life-support system, and of the fact that science and technology have converted the planet into a single potential battlefield.

China and France, for example, have been exploding nuclear bombs in the atmosphere. The explosions have produced clouds of radioactive poisons that are drifting around the world. Among these poisons are strontium 90 and cesium 137. Detectable traces of radioactive substances have been found in grasses, vegetables, and fruits in the United States, Canada, and almost every country in Europe.

In an understandable attempt to avoid public panic, government officials have been issuing reassuring statements. They have said that the quantities of radioactive poisons raining down on their lands are too puny to constitute a genuine hazard to human health.

These statements are incompetent and irresponsible. They do not take into account the fact that the fallout of radioactive poisons may be ten times higher in some places than in others. Nor do they take into account the fact that many human beings are already carrying a burden of radioactive poison, the legacy of nuclear testing undertaken by the United States and the Soviet Union fifteen years ago. The "reassuring" statements do not take into account individual variability. Strontium 90 has an affinity for human bone. In areas where poor nutrition results in calcium deficiency, human bone tends to be soft and is therefore especially vulnerable to strontium.

Against this background, nothing is more arrogant than pronouncements by government officials about "permissible levels" of radioactive poisons in the human body. The proper amount of strontium 90 in the human body is no strontium 90. Statements about tolerance levels are patently unscientific and an imposition on the public.

A decade and a half ago, the United States and the Soviet Union were the principal offenders. Mounting public opinion against nuclear testing throughout the world, however, especially in the United States, provided President Kennedy with the groundswell he needed to seek a treaty with the Soviet Union outlawing nuclear explosions in the atmosphere.

The principle today is unchanged from what it was fifteen years ago: no contamination without representation. People have a right to be consulted if their bodies are going to be invaded by dangerous substances. Yet a feeling of weariness and helplessness and even numbness has settled over the world's peoples. How do they protest effectively the actions of China or France? What tribunal will entertain their sense of outrage over crimes against the conditions of life?

To be sure, the offenses are not confined to China and France. Every week, in a thousand different ways, the life-sustaining capacity of this planet is assaulted by governments or by parties that have the protection of governments.

The result is that our earth is becoming less congenial to life with each passing year. Its resources are dwindling. The number of people it must accommodate is increasing. The oceans and the inland and underground waterways are part of an intricate circulatory system that crisscrosses the continents with thousands of conduits for serving life. But that system is not foolproof, as fools are now proving. There is no framework for the whole of humankind, no philosophy directed to the human condition, no system by which the species is represented in matters concerning its well-being and even its survival. Instead, we are divided into national aggregations characterized by infantile obsessions, belligerent impulses, and holocaust-making skills.

THE American people are just now emerging from a Presidential election campaign, the most dramatic feature of which was a series of Presidential debates. Despite the endless hours of exchanges, not a single mention was made of the United Nations or of the need for developing it into a fully functioning mechanism. Very little was said about the danger to human security represented by a world arms race. It was made to appear that we could buy security by being ahead in military spending.

There was a magnificent opportunity to help educate the American people that, in an age of instant devastation, security is obtainable only through the control of force, not through the accumulation of force. True security begins with the knowledge that no great national edifices are going to be built on a foundation of universal suicide.

It is difficult to think of anything that would put the United States in a stronger world position than for it to become the champion of a program to rebuild the United Nations into a true world order. It is not natural or safe for people to live in a continued condition of world anarchy. Nor is it sensible for the United States to underwrite that anarchy and call it security. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

The Importance of Being Ernest

It was a pleasure seeing that major talent Ernest Hemingway, denigrated so much of late, getting some attention by way of N.C.'s editorial ["The Hemingway Letters," October 2] and Carlos Baker's review [*How It Was* and *Papa: A Personal Memoir*, October 2]. Both show us again how troubled and complicated and difficult a friend and lover Hemingway could be. Still, I wish both gentlemen had given more attention to Hemingway's "sweet and stable" side, which Malcolm Cowley saw a long time ago.

Thomas A. Gullason
Kingston, R.I.

. . . Regarding "the relentless erosion" of Hemingway's talent that N.C. discussed: the waning of a writer's creative powers is not something unusual. It happened to Sinclair Lewis and John Steinbeck, among others. At least Steinbeck, unlike Hemingway, could accept the fact that his creative mine was exhausted. Ernest Hemingway's suicide was, in my opinion, the logical conclusion of a life beset by insecurity and self-doubt. There is little reason to believe that Hemingway could have written better than he did toward the end. He should have accepted that fact.

There is one thing that I admire more than anything else about Hemingway's life—his perseverance. His statement "*D'abord, il faut durer*" ("Above all, hang in there") is the best advice he could have given. It's good for us that he did just that in the early part of his career.

Because Hemingway "hung in there," his work is not lost to us. His writing, good and bad, stands. As N.C. said, "Writers and poets make possible the mingling of minds beyond time and circumstance." No one can say that Ernest Hemingway didn't do his share of that.

Robert Kryzak
Cody, Wyo.

Negative Negotiating

. . . John G. Stoessinger ["Henry Kissinger and the Anguish of Power," September 18] defends Kissinger by references to Kant and Goethe and suggests that "Kissinger made the pursuit of a stable world order the categorical imperative of his foreign policy." He says that "Kissinger had to make a choice between justice and disorder on the one hand and injustice and order on the other." Stoessinger thinks that Kissinger was right to choose the latter.

I think that Stoessinger's analysis of Kissinger's choices is wrong. The Kissinger-Nixon policy resulted in neither justice nor order; it merely continued the fiasco and the resultant deaths of millions of Asians until the United States was forcefully kicked out. . . .

Stoessinger says that we must be fair with Kissinger on Indochina, for "the question he might ask is this: what is more merciful and compassionate, an end with horror or a horror without end?" The obvious answer is not a choice between horrors but no horror at all. . . .

Without U.S. intervention Ho Chi Minh would have united the country without the massive destruction of cities and the violent deaths of millions. . . .

Dewey D. Ajioka
Los Angeles

. . . Political power and its distribution is not the overwhelmingly "real" issue in the "real world" of the twentieth century. The real issue is whether or not man, with his paranoid concern for his own power, is going to be able to survive as a more or less social, civilized creature well enough controlled by his own rationality to accommodate the limits of the environment.

In biosocial terms Kissinger's behavior must be seen as just marginally sane—and only because some of his colleagues and/or adversaries are less sane and/or more willing to resort to violence to achieve *their* goals of "stability and balance. . . ."

Peter Denzer
Saint Paul, Minn.

Stoessinger has put Henry Kissinger's foreign policy in the proverbial nutshell when he says that Kissinger "has tended to prefer injustice and order." Was that Thomas Jefferson turning over in his grave on hearing this said about an American Secretary of State? . . .

David Lang
Forest Hills, N.Y.

The Past and the Pendulum

Does Roy McMullen ["The Rose-Colored Rearview Mirror," October 2] really believe that the nostalgic binge is a new phenomenon?

Art can be compared with a pendulum: once it takes a long forward swing, it takes an equal swing backward. Thus, after the realists come the escapists. . . .

It would be strange indeed if this Bicentennial year did not produce a great nostalgic mood. Isn't it marvelous, though, to have this cooling interim after the "hot" one of the 1960s and 1970s?

Elizabeth White Watson
Fayetteville, Ariz.

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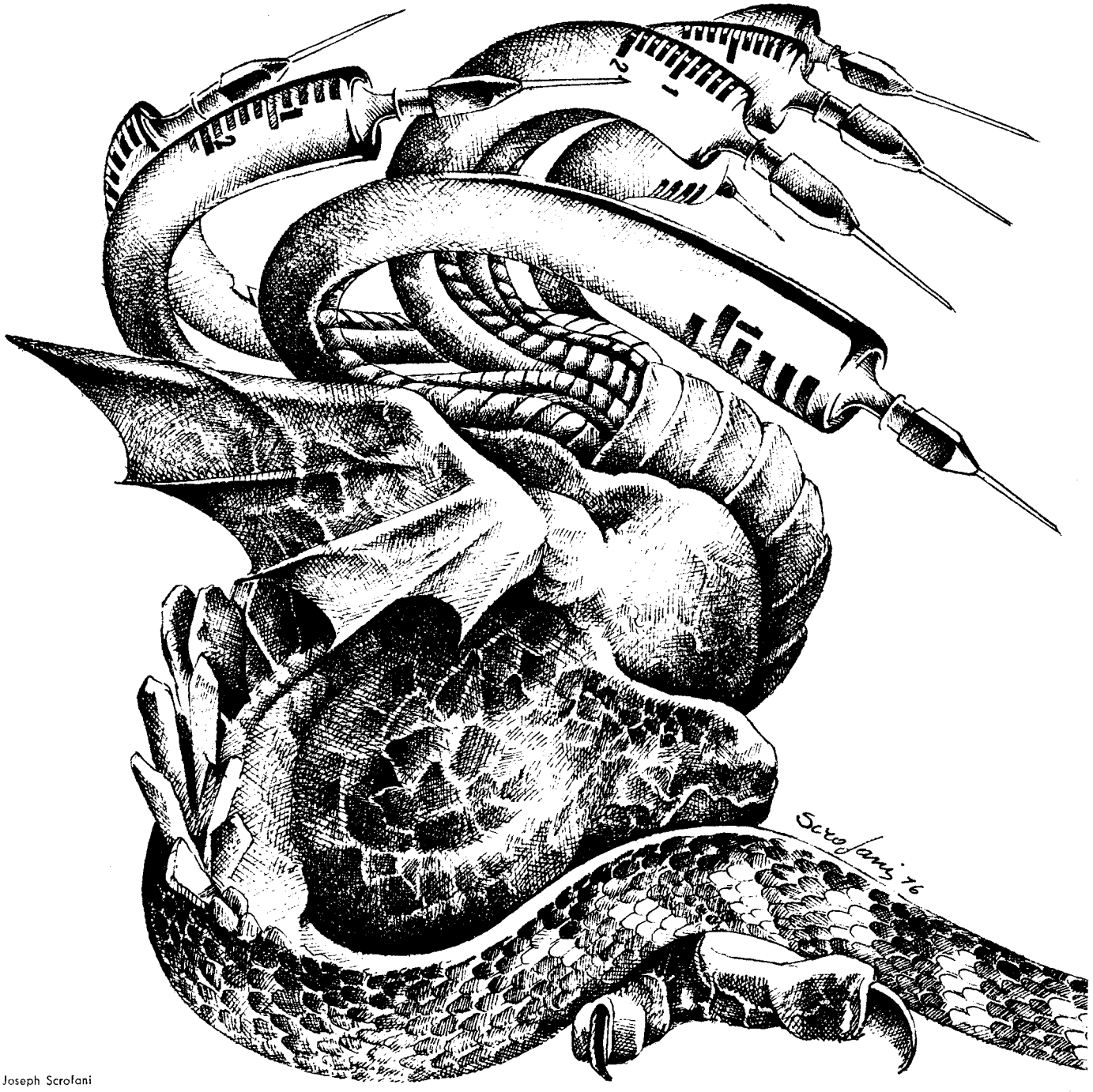
The Great Vaccination Flap

Our swine-influenza-vaccination program has been fraught with controversy from the outset, raising questions about future flu vaccines—and about vaccines in general. In this special section Dr. Richard Restak, looking at the recent history of immunization programs, calls for a re-examination of our traditional attitude toward vaccines. John Neary offers a brief profile of Dr. J. Anthony Morris, the recently fired controversial government scientist who, among those opposing the program, is almost alone in publicly branding the vaccine useless. Finally, Dr. Jonas Salk, developer of the killed-virus polio vaccine and a longtime researcher in influenza, tells us why he favors the present program as the most appropriate protective measure now available—but also suggests a mini–Manhattan Project to end the yearly game of flu-vaccine roulette.



Joseph Scrofani

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Meat Cleaver or Scalpel

by Richard Restak

A RECENT medical journal ran a photo of a middle-aged man being given an injection. He smiles stoically as the physician jabs his arm with a syringe. The caption reads: DR. MEYER WINCES AS DR. THEODORE COOPER, HEW ASSISTANT SECRETARY FOR HEALTH, GIVES HIM FIRST FLU VACCINATION. The middle-aged man is Dr. Harry M. Meyer, Jr., director of the FDA's Bureau of Biologics.

The idea of two of the nation's highest-ranking public-health officials jabbing each other with needles seems, at first, pure Monty Python. But there is, in fact, nothing comic about it. Drs. Cooper and Meyer are engaged in promoting the most serious public-health project in the nation's history —the vaccination of some 150 million Americans against the threat of swine flu.

Such high-level PR promotions are part of the sometimes acrimonious debate these last six months over the need for a mass swine-influenza-immunization program. At the heart of the debate is the process of vaccination itself. What is it? What can it accomplish? What are its dangers? Is the swine-flu-immunization program necessary? Will it be effective if a pandemic occurs? Public-health officials answer an emphatic *yes* to the last two questions. In the meantime, further conflicts have arisen over deaths of elderly vaccine recipients. The official position seems to be that such occurrences are best explained by chance alone: "Their time was up."

But whatever the final outcome, the debate has served the more important purpose of focusing attention on what place there is in a free society for such bureaucratically administered mass-vaccination programs.

Vaccination works by stimulating the body to manufacture protective proteins called antibodies. Later, when the body is exposed to a disease organism—say, the measles virus —the antibodies stimulated by the earlier measles vaccination neutralize the virus before it can enter millions of body cells. This response is highly specific; that is, it requires that the vaccine contain carefully selected viruses that, though alive, are less virulent than the naturally occurring viruses or that it be made entirely of killed viruses. Despite refinements in vaccine theory, all presently available vaccines work on this principle.

Vaccination now enjoys a status unrivaled in the history of American medicine. The only form of medical treatment given to healthy people, sometimes under the force of law, its accomplishments are impressive even to the skeptic.

- By December smallpox will be eradicated worldwide, according to World Health Organization officials. Once one of mankind's most dreaded plagues, killing one of every seven people, smallpox has been confined during the last six months to a few villages in Ethiopia. Its impending eradication will derive from massive vaccination efforts combined with "surveillance containment"—medical search-and-destroy missions combining rapid diagnosis of all new cases, isolation, and vaccination of contacts.
- From a high of 52,000 cases in 1952, the incidence of paralytic polio had dropped to only seven cases by 1975. The object in the 1950s and 1960s of a nationwide vaccine effort, polio as an epidemic disease has now been virtually eliminated.
- Measles, German measles, diphtheria, whooping cough —these diseases, too, have been significantly decreased with the help of vaccines at an incalculable reduction in human misery and suffering and at a savings of millions of dollars.

Given such accomplishments, vaccination's unique status as our most successful example of preventive medicine seems justified. A closer look, however, reveals that not all vaccines are blessings; that consistent and logical rules for their development and use are not agreed on; and, finally, that some current vaccines pose more of a threat to our health than the diseases they are supposed to prevent.

For one thing, national vaccine policy has often been completely out of touch with medical and social realities. Until 1971, for instance, the law required smallpox vaccination before a child could be admitted to school. This requirement had persisted despite the absence of a case of smallpox in the United States since 1949. Thus for more than twenty-two years American children were at far greater risk of coming down with vaccine-related illnesses—or even of

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Richard Restak, a neurologist who lives in Washington, D.C., earned the Claude Bernard Science Award for science journalism. His latest book is Premeditated Man.

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dying—than they were of coming down with smallpox.

Mumps vaccine is a more contemporary example of a perhaps unnecessary vaccine. A live-virus preparation, it is given at about one year of age and protects a child for an undetermined length of time against a disease that is usually harmless. "Neither the frequency nor the severity of complications provides justification for recommending mumps vaccination for all children," according to a recent editorial in *Lancet*, a journal of the British Medical Association. (Finland has developed a killed-virus mumps vaccine.)

In addition to unnecessary vaccines there are other vaccines presently being administered to the wrong people. The vaccine against German measles, or rubella, for example, is now given to children at one year of age. The ultimate target of rubella vaccination, however, is not these children but, rather, the nation's non-pregnant women of childbearing age. At risk are thousands of potential rubella babies who can end up blind or deaf in the wake of a maternal rubella infection.

Current vaccine policy is based on the unproved assumption that the immunization of all children against rubella will ultimately protect against fetal rubella by bringing about a general decrease in the incidence of the disease in the general population. Recent outbreaks of adult rubella cast serious doubt on this assumption.

An alternative approach to rubella prevention is under way in England and in most other European countries, where vaccination is limited to those soon to be most at risk: eleven- and twelve-year-old girls.

The need for limiting rubella immunization stems from scattered reports of infections developing in people who have been given rubella vaccine. Further, such infrequent but potentially tragic incidents can be avoided via a readily available but seldom used test for rubella immunity. Those women found to be at risk can then be immunized after they have been warned against becoming pregnant within the next three months. The adoption of such a procedure could do away with mass vaccination of children, some of whom, if they *do* become infected, may introduce the vaccine-acquired rubella virus to pregnant women, thus potentially contributing to the fetal damage the vaccine is intended to prevent.

To consumer-advocate lawyer Jim Turner, author of *The Chemical Feast*, the rubella-vaccine program in the United States is a good example of what's wrong with mass-immunization programs in general. "Rather than using a scalpel," he says, "we're using a meat cleaver. Instead of well-thought-out programs aimed at the fewest possible people, we're pumping vaccines into millions who don't need them and who may even be better off without them. If this trend continues, people are going to stop taking *all* vaccines."

THERE are data to support Turner's prediction. Already we see indications that our nation's vaccine programs are less than wholeheartedly supported by the public. The 1974 survey by the Center for Disease Control showed that approximately 5.3 of the nation's 13.2 million children between one and four years of age are unprotected against such preventable diseases as whooping cough and tetanus. Only 64.5 percent of preschool children are vaccinated against measles. As for polio, the figures are alarming. In 1963, for example, 84 percent of preschool children were adequately protected with three or more doses of either the killed- or live-virus polio vaccine. The figure is now below 65 percent, with less than 50 percent adequately vaccinated in some parts of the country.

Soon the most serious public-health threat to the most vaccinated people in the world may stem from "conquered diseases" for which preventive vaccines exist but are not used.

Finding a solution to these dilemmas takes on a special urgency in the light of new vaccines that may soon be on the market. Hepatitis, certain forms of cancer, venereal diseases, the common cold, even birth control—all will be targets for vaccine development within the next five to ten years. How will they be made? On whom will they be tested? Will they be safe?

The answers to these questions involve several catch-22 clauses. For one thing, the safety of any vaccine is best measured by the number of people participating in the early clinical trials of the vaccines. The problem here is one of *sheer numbers*, not technique. Proving, for example, that no more than one person in 10,000 will be harmed by the vaccine requires a trial using 100,000 or more people. But how are they to be selected? And what are they to be told? To further complicate matters, some new vaccines will be aimed at infants and young children, who can't give informed consent.

Another problem involves how to compensate those injured by vaccines. It is generally agreed that vaccines will always carry some degree of risk.* "Improving existing vaccines and evaluating new generations of vaccines will create still greater needs for human experimentation involving new types of risks," states Dr. Meyer. But what is to be done for those unfortunate enough to be struck by the lightning of vaccine-induced catastrophe? Presently the only financial recourse is a suit against the vaccine manufacturer. Often such suits have been successful, despite strict drug-company compliance with all standard government vaccine regulations.

"Soon the most serious public-health threat to the most vaccinated people in the world may stem from 'conquered diseases' for which preventive vaccines exist but are not used."

The most dramatic example occurred in 1970, when Anita Reyes, an eight-month-old, received the live-virus polio vaccine at the Hidalgo County Public Health Clinic, in Hidalgo County, Tex. Fourteen days later, Anita was hospitalized with paralytic polio. In a subsequent suit, *Reyes* v. *Wyeth*, the manufacturer, Wyeth Laboratories, was held liable even though negligence on the drug company's part was never established.

Not surprisingly, drug companies and their insurance carriers are responding to such cases by threatening to phase

*Dr. Jonas Salk believes that *killed*-virus vaccines will carry no risk of accidentally causing the disease.

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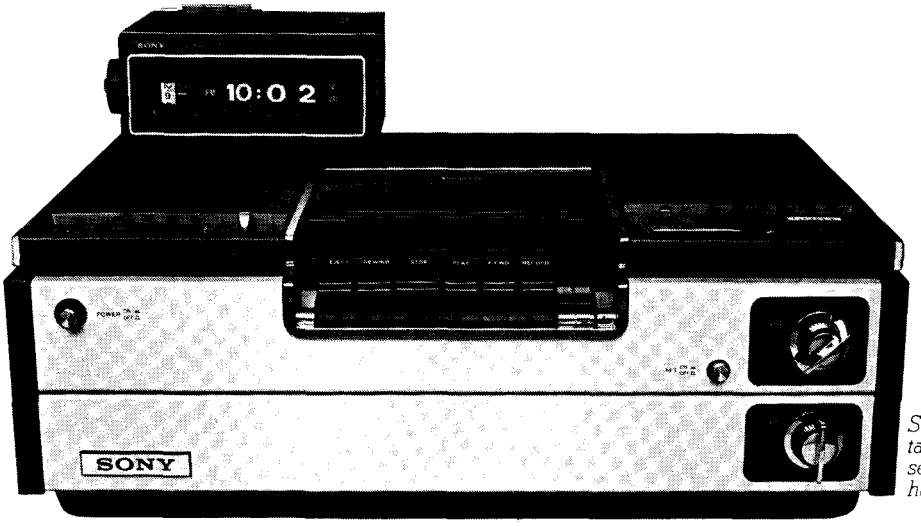

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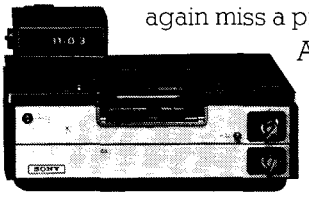

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out vaccine production altogether, which will precipitate in the near future a national crisis in vaccine availability. (The killed-virus [Salk] polio vaccine is no longer made in this country but is available in Canada.)

At the heart of the drug and insurance companies' concern are the weird associations that have been turned up recently by epidemiologists. As a rule, these skilled medical detectives interview persons afflicted with illnesses in search of "significant experiences" that might explain why one person contracts a disease while another doesn't. It helps in this type of investigation to function like Agatha Christie's Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot: use the "little grey cells," and eliminate preconceptions about possible causes. One such recent study has linked diethylstilbesterol, used during pregnancy to prevent abortion, as a cause of later development of cancer of the cervix in women whose mothers were given the drug. Now epidemiologists are asking questions that haunt vaccine manufacturers and their insurers: could vaccines be a possible cause of diseases yet to be specified?

"Is the common cold important enough to justify the known and unknown risks of trying to vaccinate it out of existence?"

One way of finding out, of course, could come from examining the records of past vaccine recipients and comparing them to those of people who have not received vaccines. Unfortunately such records do not exist. The epidemiology of vaccination—the careful, laborious, and unglamorous process of keeping records of what happens to people receiving vaccines—has always played a minor role in formulating vaccine policy. As a result, we have few data that would enable anyone to state with reasonable certainty the natural history of vaccination.

THE dearth of hard data is only part of a general laxity about vaccines that is not tolerated in the production and marketing of drugs. Stringent enough rules now exist in regard to medications like aspirin—so stringent that more than one policymaker has facetiously remarked that aspirin, if it were new, wouldn't be approved now for general use except as a prescription drug. While we've been cautious—sometimes overly so—about medications, we've only recently started looking really carefully at vaccines. And in the process we've been discovering some startling controversies.

Our polio-vaccination program, for example, is presently embroiled in a serious disagreement about live-virus vaccines versus killed-virus vaccines. On the one side is such an eminent scientist as Albert Sabin, the developer of the live polio vaccine, which, since its introduction in 1961/1962, has been the mainstay of the U.S. polio-vaccination program. Sabin claims (though his claims are disputed by the opposition) that the live-virus oral vaccine produces a longer immunity and is more acceptable than its predecessor, the killed-virus vaccine, which must be given by injection.

Opponents of this view, although in the minority, include scientists of equally impeccable credentials. To Dr. Jonas Salk, developer in the 1950s of the nation's first polio vaccine, a killed-virus preparation, the debate between live and killed polio vaccine is of such fundamental importance that "I think of it as a metabiological problem: half ethical and half biological."

The ethical component of the problem derives from a live-virus vaccine's proved capacity to cause the diseases it is supposed to prevent. In essence, is there a balance to be reached between the protection of the many and the risk of harm to the few? The question becomes even more poignant if there is an alternative that can protect everybody. To Dr. Salk such an alternative exists, and, more importantly, it is being ignored.

"Today the principal cause of paralytic polio in the United States is the live polio vaccine presently in use. And we're still using it despite the availability of an alternative killed-virus vaccine that cannot cause polio."

To support his claim, Salk points to the total eradication of polio in Sweden and Finland, which never switched from the killed to the live vaccine. "Under these circumstances there is every reason to change back to killed vaccine."

Behind Salk's objection lies a profound distrust of living viruses. The paralytic polio virus at full strength can confine a robust athlete to an iron lung. With attenuation it can provide protection against later infection by the normally potent polio virus. But what else can it do? What are its long-term effects within the body? Nobody knows for sure.

Salk's concern does not seem to be shared by most scientists engaged in vaccine research. More and more research is going into the development of live vaccines for increasingly diverse kinds of diseases. A live influenza vaccine, for instance, is presently a high-priority target even though, in the words of Bureau of Biologics chief Dr. Meyer, "we still have a lot to learn about attenuated flu viruses."

In addition to polio many of our most frequently used vaccines contain less virulent but still-living viruses: both mumps and measles vaccines are live. In the minds of many scientists, live vaccines are the *true* vaccines, with killed vaccines serving only as a kind of holding action until a live vaccine can be developed.

What is needed, according to Dr. Salk, is "a change of attitude that recognizes that killed vaccines can do the job fully as effectively—but without the risk."

Another vaccine "problem area" is the competition between government and private laboratories for new vaccines. Several competing rubella vaccines, for example, were ready for field trials at about the same time. One of them, developed at the National Institutes of Health, was in direct competition with three others from private drug companies and universities. A similar situation appears to be developing in the search for a vaccine against hepatitis, with NIH scientists vying with private researchers for tax dollars. Although no one can state categorically that a conflict of interests exists, some scientists are obviously uncomfortable with such arrangements.

"All of these laboratories are dependent to a greater or lesser degree upon federal finances or federal regulatory procedures," notes University of Houston virologist Dr. Joseph Melnick. "No matter how disinterested and fair-minded individual government scientists might be, the interest of the federal bureaucracy in being able to display a 'winner' within a government institution would make it very difficult for associated federal officials to arrive at unbiased decisions."

The government's increasingly complex role in vaccine

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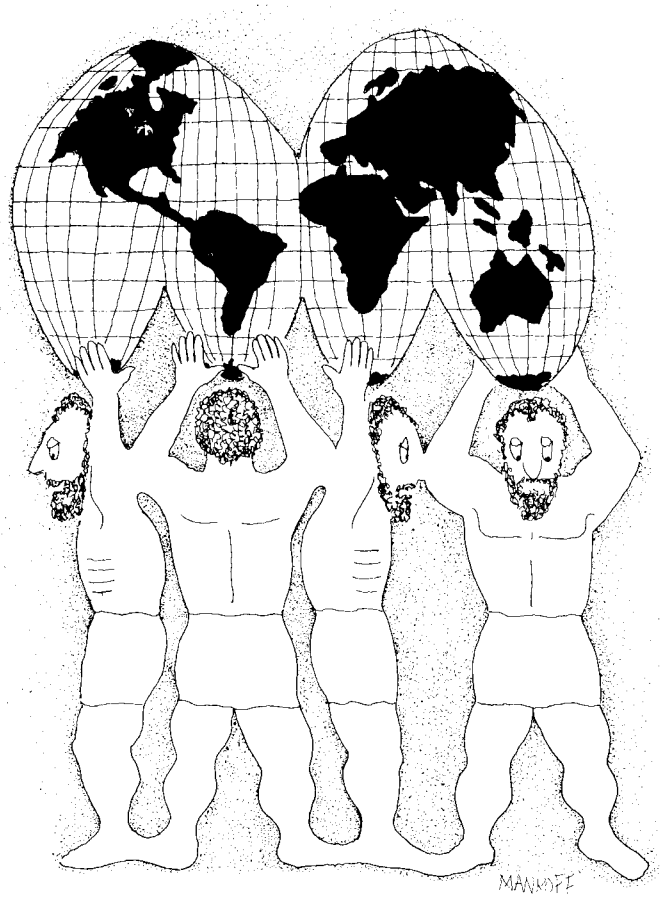
policy can soon be expected to expand even further. In the case of the current swine-flu vaccine, for instance, the government has taken the unprecedented step of assuming full responsibility for all vaccine-related incidents except for proved negligence on the part of the manufacturer. Conflict is likely to continue, however, regarding the role of vaccines in the control of future influenza outbreaks.

Although most other infectious viral diseases can now be controlled by vaccination combined with other public-health measures, influenza remains an embarrassing and a conspicuous unresolved dilemma. The difficulty lies in the nature of the influenza virus itself. Many viruses retain their structures for long periods of time, but the influenza virus mutates from time to time, often unpredictably. For an influenza vaccine to be effective, it must anticipate these changes so as to include new virus types almost as soon as they emerge. If an influenza vaccine fails to do this, "we might as well be giving water," states Dr. Florence S. Lief, professor of virology at the University of Pennsylvania.

IN ESSENCE, influenza-vaccine policy consists of a yearly game of virus roulette, with scientists playing the odds on what virus will most likely turn up in the next winter. If they bet successfully, an influenza vaccine, they claim, has a success rate of 70 to 85 percent. But any evaluation of an influenza vaccine's effectiveness is complicated by the selection factor. Public-health officials base their statistics on the years when the vaccines successfully match the current virus. Vaccine critics, in contrast, point to years when the scientists bet on the wrong viruses.



In addition there seem to be significant cross-cultural differences of opinion on the effectiveness of influenza vaccines.

"If we are indeed hit by an influenza pandemic next winter, the shots will be effective," HEW Assistant Secretary Theodore Cooper claimed in a recent article in *The Washington Post*.

Despite equally sanguine pronouncements by other American public-health scientists, the British and European opinions on influenza vaccines differ markedly.

"In spite of the production of many excellent vaccines, there is no record of any major epidemic ever having been halted or appreciably reduced by medical intervention," states Dr. A. S. Beare, of the Medical Research Council's Common Cold Unit.

"Even if the goal of annual vaccination of the high-risk groups is attained, it is unlikely that the spread of an epidemic will be significantly influenced." This conclusion was reached by scientists at the World Health Organization's National Influenza Center, in Bucharest, Rumania.

Although such considerations do not justify a nihilistic attitude toward vaccines, three measures do seem justified.

First, it is time for a national reappraisal of the proper targets for future vaccination programs. In the light of still incompletely defined risks, vaccination should not be used indiscriminately. If our venereal-disease programs are failing, for instance, approaches other than vaccines would seem indicated. If birth-control pills are turning out to be unacceptable because of long-term side effects, why now substitute vaccines for further research on the physiology of reproduction? Is the common cold really important enough to justify the known and unknown risks of trying to vaccinate it out of existence? And why continue to administer such vaccines as those directed at mumps?

Second, vaccines should be only one among many approaches to illness, not the standard by which other treatments are measured. In the past, vaccination was the best approach we had to viral disease, in the absence of antiviral drugs. Already there are exciting indications that this may be changing. Certain forms of hepatitis, for example, have recently been reported to respond to treatment with a natural human protein called interferon. If the results are confirmed, interferon may provide a possible alternative to a new hepatitis vaccine already in the production stage.

THE search for alternative treatments takes on a special urgency in the light of the public's documented unwillingness to take vaccines. In 1968 a promising anti-influenza drug was developed and discarded because of lack of public-health interest and support. Now, eight years later, one can't help but wonder if we shouldn't fund further research on anti-influenza drugs in place of our yearly game of virus roulette.

Finally, in the absence of a totally safe vaccine, some method of publicly financed compensation should be set up to provide for the risk of harm caused by vaccine. There is good reason for doing this. If any vaccination program is to be successful, a high degree of public acceptance is required (for some diseases, four-fifths of the population would have to be inoculated). It would seem just that such community participation should be met by reciprocal community responsibility for those unwittingly harmed by vaccines. ◉

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Tilting at Windmills

A government microbiologist tangles with the bureaucracy and finds himself out of a job

by John Neary

THE telephone in the home of J. Anthony Morris, PhD, in a Maryland suburb of Washington, D.C., not far from the campus of the National Institutes of Health, began to ring soon after the news flashed across the country that three persons had died in Pittsburgh after they were inoculated with swine-influenza vaccine. The callers—newsmen, doctors, and fellow scientists—wanted to know what Dr. Morris, a U.S. government microbiologist who had studied vaccines, and flu vaccines especially, for most of his career, thought.

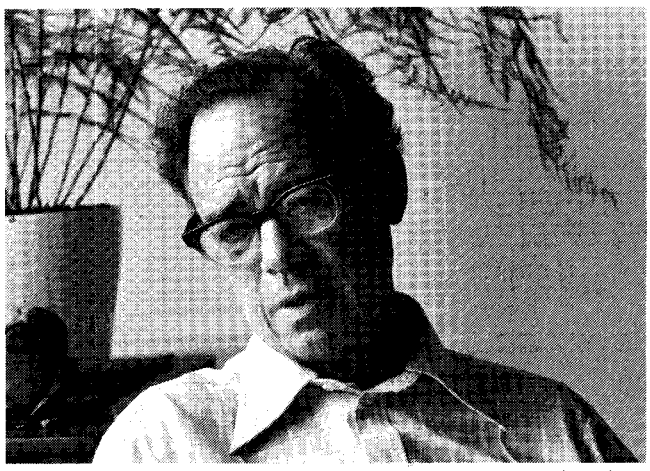
Morris told his callers that what he knew about the deaths at that point was just hearsay and might be mistaken; he had been told, he said, that the three victims had been "high risk" patients, suffering respiratory and heart ailments, and had each seemed tense and anxious standing in line at the clinic where they got their shots. Autopsies were being performed; the vaccine lot from which the victims had been inoculated was on its way to NIH for study. Until then all that Morris could suggest as an explanation for the deaths was, "It goes without saying that you do not add stress onto stress."

In suggesting that the three had died from the trauma of a needle prick, Morris was being far more charitable to the government than it had been to him. Ironically, he would not be among the scientists who examined the vaccine at NIH for clues to what had caused the three deaths. In July, Food and Drug Commissioner Alexander M. Schmidt had fired Morris from his job as director of the Slow, Latent and Temperate Branch of the virology lab at the Bureau of Biologics, an obscure government agency responsible for vaccine safety. The firing had occurred not long after Morris had written Schmidt a memorandum warning about hazards to workers in vaccine plants.

Tony Morris is fifty-eight, an age when a government employee might understandably prefer to avoid the sort of fight that could cost him his pension and a comfortable retirement. After losing a policy battle, a cabinet officer might retire to the old firm to lick his wounds in the comfort of his old swivel chair, but not a career civil servant like Tony Morris. When you join the government right out of grad school, there is no old firm, and at fifty-eight there is not likely to be any new one. Therefore, taking on your supervisors in a battle over policy is in itself an act requiring enormous courage; taking on an entire administration over a policy as conspicuous as the swine-flu-vaccination program, on the grounds that Tony Morris attacked it—charging that its very basis is scientifically invalid—was a decision so audacious as to be almost beyond understanding if you did not know Tony Morris.

"If the President says, 'Buy six chairs,' or 'Buy twelve chairs,' " Morris states, defining the limits of bureaucratic obedience, as far as he is concerned, in his crisp, clipped Eastern accent, "I will buy six chairs or twelve chairs. He is the chief administrative officer of government, and when he sets the policy down, those who work below him are expected to go along. That's all right until he comes out and says, 'Let's vaccinate every man, woman, and child.' That's absolutely inexcusable." There were problems with that declaration, and they troubled Tony Morris deeply and he saw his job as requiring him to warn us about those problems: the hazards of a crash production program, the possible side effects of flu vaccine, and, most importantly, the shortcomings of inactivated-virus flu vaccines. The men advising Gerald Ford knew all these factors, Tony Morris says, and it infuriated him that they did not voice their knowledge. "That, to me, is a prostitution of the medical and scientific process."

MORRIS has lived with intrusions of policy into his lab almost since the beginning of his work studying flu vaccines in the early 1960s. Assigned to ascertain whether flu vaccines in fact worked, Morris began his research with zeal. When an experiment indicated that flu-vaccine efficacy depended on matching vaccine specifically with the strain of flu to be quelled, Morris and his co-workers took off for the Caroline Islands, in the Pacific, to test that theory. Finding people who had never caught influenza and thus had no antibodies against an oncoming flu epidemic, they injected volunteers with a vaccine made from precisely that strain. The people got sick in spite of the vaccinations.



Joan Neary

Embattled civil servant—"Morris felt the very basis of the program was scientifically invalid."

Morris set out to find why the vaccine failed and found his answer in the mechanics of how the body's defense systems work. Influenza infection provokes the formation of specific antibodies that fight the disease when it attacks again—thus creating the defense system called immunity. A case of the flu causes the formation of antibodies (which are among the IgA group of immunoglobulins) on the surface of the lining of the "respiratory tree"; these will combat

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John Neary, a free-lance writer based in New Mexico, is the author of Whom the Gods Destroy.

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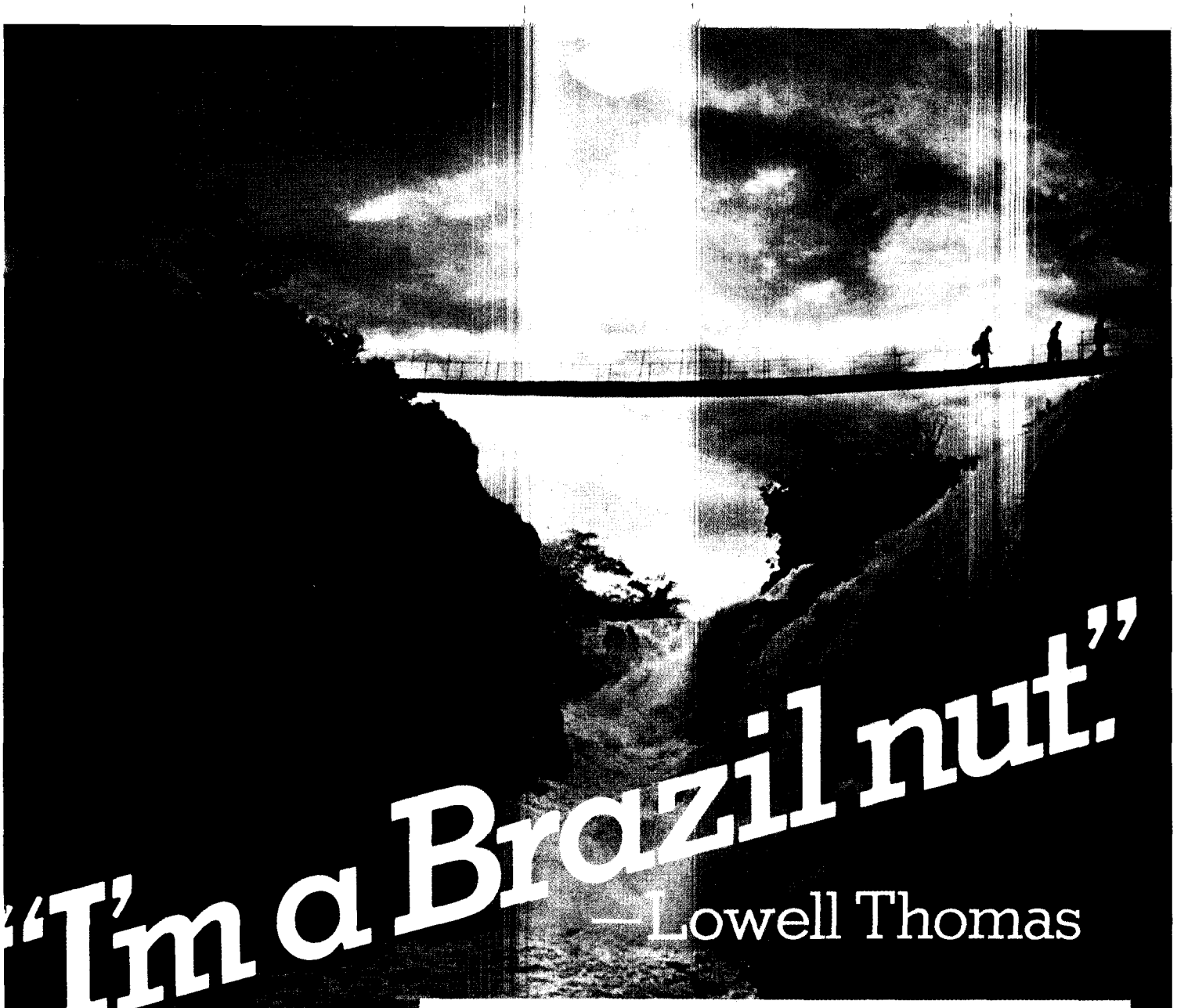

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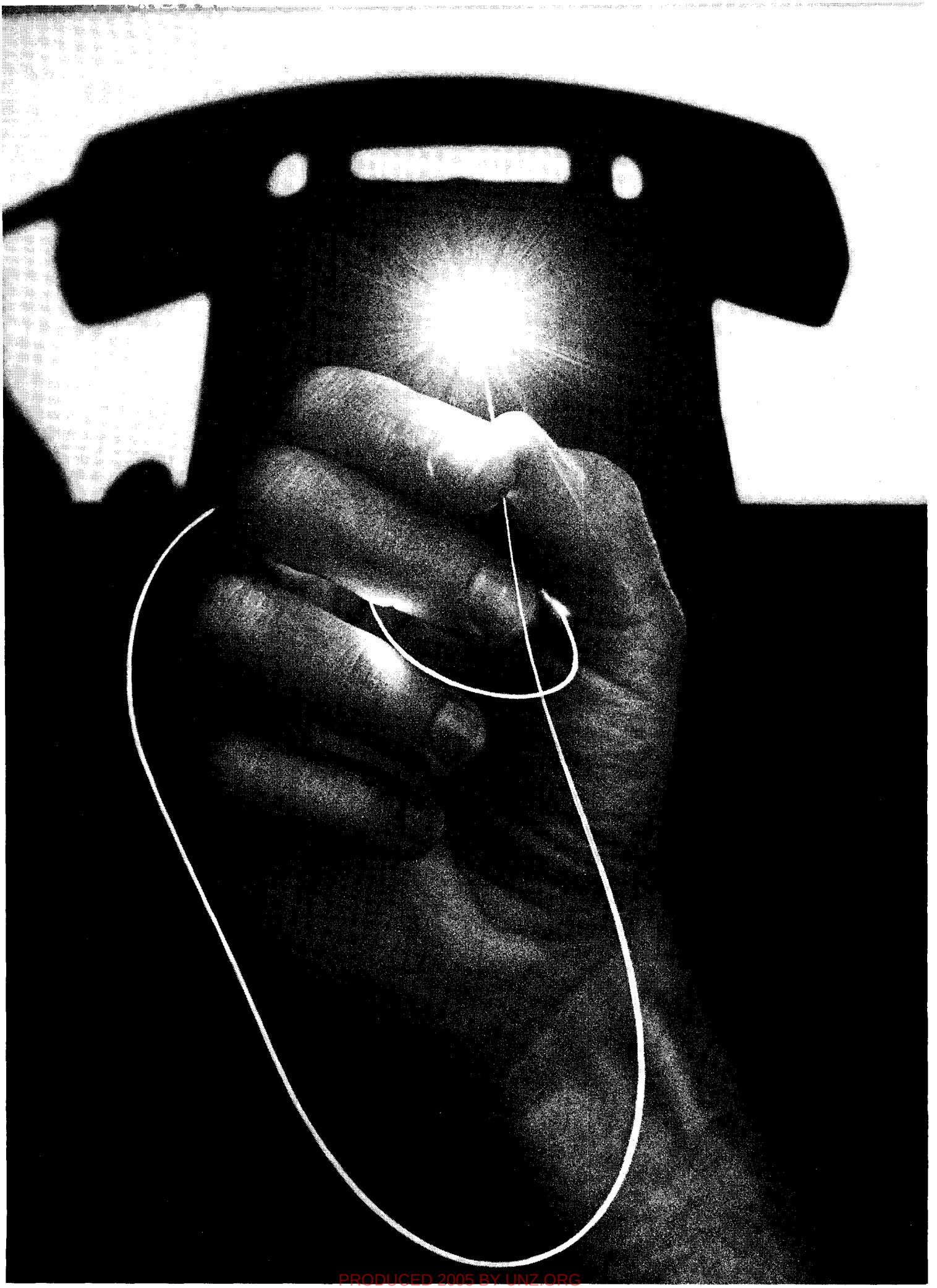

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that strain of flu the next time it strikes. A flu shot, on the other hand, causes the formation, in the wrong place—the bloodstream instead of the respiratory tract—of the wrong kinds of antibodies, IgG rather than IgA.

Until a safe live-virus vaccine was developed, one that could be sprayed directly down into the respiratory tree and get the protection where it was needed, flu vaccines could never work.

Morris's findings were ignored. When he persisted in trying to publicize them, taking his name off papers so his superiors would okay their publication, the agency he was then working for, the Division of Biologics Standards, launched a systematic campaign of harassment against him. In a Kafkaesque reversal of customary bureaucratic practice, the bureaucracy turned inward upon the bureaucrat who would not play ball: Morris's laboratory was gradually taken away from him. His desk was moved into a cubbyhole with no phone. His research animals were ordered killed. His staff of technicians was reduced to one loyal co-worker, Charles Shaw. The division's chief of its section on respiratory viruses was undergoing the penultimate sanction: isolation.

Morris sought help from attorney James Turner, a young consumer advocate whose book *The Chemical Feast,* an exposé of food and drug regulation, had rocked the government's health apparatus. By the time Morris, with the help of Turner and aided by Shaw's corroborating testimony, had finished his revelations about vaccine control, the Division of Biologics Standards was a shattered agency. It was given a new head and moved from NIH to the Food and Drug Administration with a new name, the Bureau of Biologics.

With the agency, the FDA got Tony Morris, who, in turn, got a new job: head of a section charged with scrutinizing vaccines for hazards posed by slow, latent, and temperate viruses. It is a little-known and terrifying area of medicine concerned with the harmful potential of viruses introduced along with medicines into the body, which lie dormant for years. In his new work Morris found plenty to be concerned about: the implications of the finding of a long-term relationship between measles vaccine and a hideous brain disease of children called subacute sclerosing panencephalitis (SSPE); the implications of the finding of Simian Virus 40 (SV 40) in the brains of patients who died of progressive multifocal leucoencephalopathy (PML)—and who might have been vaccinated in the 1950s with polio or cold vaccines, which contained SV 40; and the implications of his fear—since confirmed—that the WI 38 cell strain in which present polio vaccines are made is contaminated by bacteria.

Busy as he was contemplating those disquieting questions, Morris nonetheless kept an eye on flu vaccines. He felt, he said, "We are within our official duties in looking into any vaccine that is put into people where there's a *possibility* of a long-term effect—and that's *all* vaccines."

Thus it was that when some employees of a Boston utility got sick after getting flu shots in the winter of 1973–74, Morris and his assistant, Shaw, flew down to Atlanta to meet with officials at the Center for Disease Control. And when a colleague came up with a live influenza vaccine, Morris saw it as his duty to ask for a batch of it to examine it for long-term hazards. He discovered that the vaccine—which was being hailed privately as the remedy for the oncoming flu epidemic it was already feared would occur, in the cyclical rhythm of flu sieges that afflict the world—caused an acceleration of the onset of mammary tumors in mice. Morris sounded an alarm and the inventor withdrew the vaccine.

When the Fort Dix influenza-related death caused the government to launch its massive vaccination program, Tony Morris decided to launch a counterassault of his own. There is, he maintains, no evidence to link the swine flu with the killer epidemic of Spanish flu, no evidence that swine flu is especially pathogenic, no evidence that swine-flu vaccine would work any better than the ineffective flu vaccine he had tested in the Caroline Islands in 1963. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence, he maintains, that the risk of taking the swine-flu vaccine is great for children, old people, and pregnant women and that the hazards of a crash production program are abundant. Morris made these points to writers who sought him out as a vaccine critic, to the audiences attending the seminars he gave in the evening at the NIH campus in Bethesda, Md., and in letters that he and his lawyer, Turner, salvoed off to *The New York Times*, to the head of NIH, and to the FDA commissioner.

Then, on July 13, just a few days after his memorandum to the FDA head, Tony Morris got one back. J. Anthony Morris—the author of some sixty papers published in learned journals, the member of five distinguished professional societies, adviser to such varied bodies as the World Health Organization, the government of Turkey, the National Cancer Institute, and Oak Ridge Laboratory—was informed that he was being fired. The origin of the firing lay in a tangled dispute over whether or not Morris was being harassed again by his new agency; Morris himself had launched another grievance action, and the head of the Bureau of Biologics had responded with a request for an investigation and a proposal to fire Morris. The upshot, said Commissioner Schmidt, firing Morris for "insubordination and inefficiency," among a host of other charges, was that "the kind of behavior exhibited by you toward your scientific colleagues and administrative superiors directly challenges the integrity of scientific progress and the ability of the Food and Drug Administration to carry out its mission."

Morris wants his job back, and he plans to fight again to get it, through another civil-service appeal, by assisting the current General Accounting Office probe of the genesis of the swine-flu program, perhaps through congressional investigations. Perhaps in the process not only will the questions of the vaccine-related deaths be answered but also Morris's own appraisal of flu vaccine's basic biologic inability to work may be upheld or thrown out and one other large question answered, too: *if it doesn't work, why do they make it?*

Morris is hesitant to answer that because the reason lies outside the lab, closer to the cash register and the ballot box. "They've got themselves in a scientific, intellectual box from which they cannot emerge," he guesses. "They had hoped to have a live vaccine for use this year. They could not develop it. Then they got the President involved and he went further than they hoped he would go . . . and they can't get off this damned wheel. When you ask, 'Why do they make this useless damned vaccine?' *that* involves millions of dollars, and they are not going to shut that source of revenue off—until they get something to take its place." ◉

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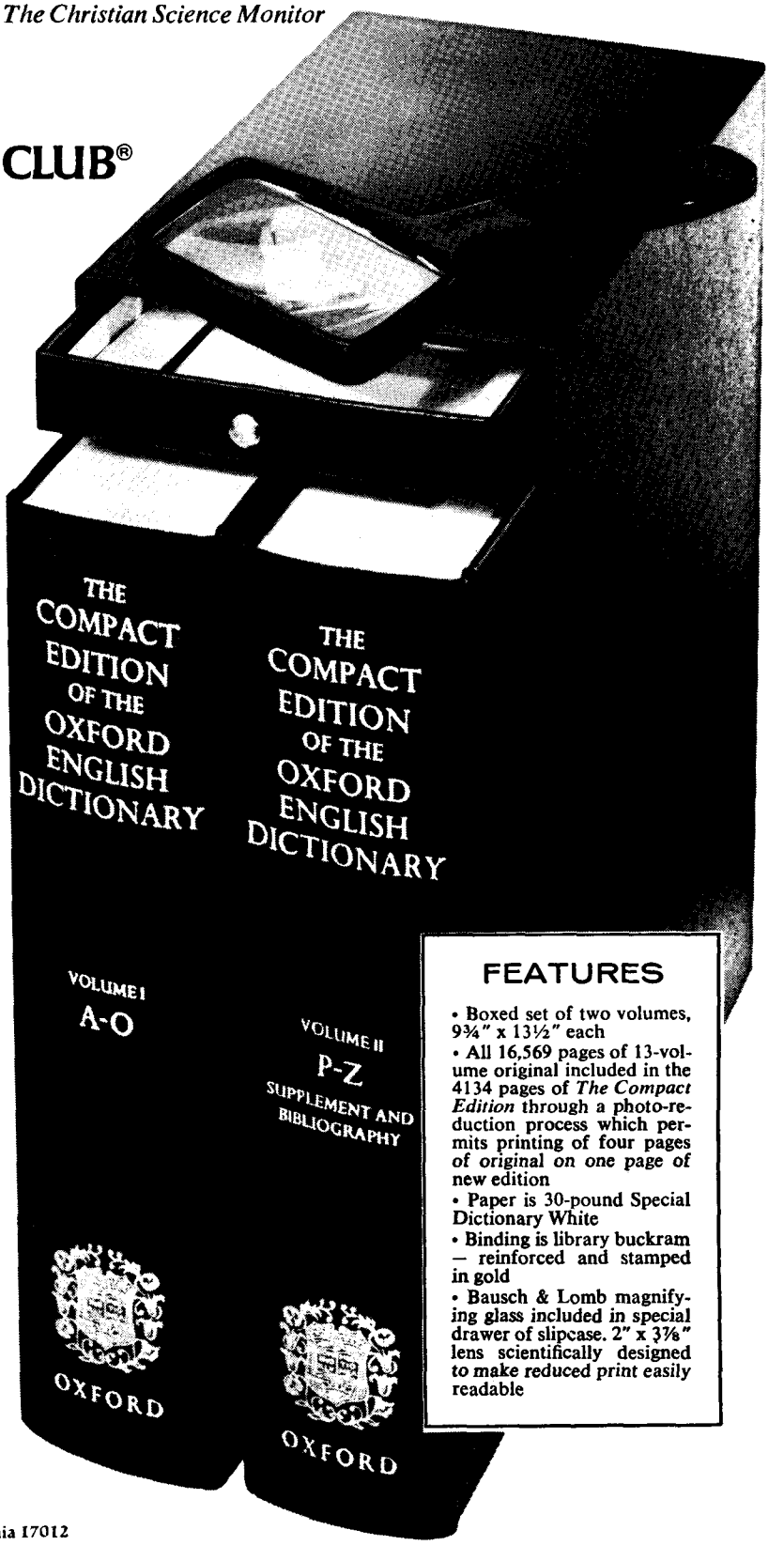

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The Ultimate Flu Vaccine

A noted immunologist suggests we stop playing year-in, year-out virus roulette and develop a vaccine for all types of influenza

by Jonas Salk

THE controversial program to inoculate Americans against swine influenza is about the best we can do for the moment. The future, however, is quite another story.

As I see it, the rationale for the current program is based on one hard fact and one soft speculation.

The hard fact is that a wide "immunity gap" exists in our population between younger people and those fifty and over. The gap comes about in this way: the influenza virus, like other viruses, carries as part of its protein coating certain antigens that stimulate our immune systems to produce specific antibodies against it; because the swine type of influenza virus has not been in circulation for more than fifty years, people under fifty—and some above fifty as well—lack these protective antibodies and thus would be susceptible if such a virus were to become active again.

The soft speculation—the cause of so much debate—is whether or not the limited outbreak at Fort Dix in January, 1976, might presage a return of the virus to full activity and a pandemic of the 1918–19 variety. Whether it will, in fact, return—and, if so, with what degree of virulence—simply cannot be known with certainty by anyone.

What *can* be known, however, is our state of susceptibility—which is another way of expressing the immunity gap—to this virus. It is a virus that has, after all, given evidence of previous activity (and lethal activity, at that), and it has recently caused an outbreak of the disease—an isolated outbreak, to be sure, but this is often the case when an influenza virus is about to become active. Being thus forewarned, and having no means to assess accurately the true danger, we can at least ask, can we do anything to protect ourselves? If so, is it worth doing? I share the view that we can and should take the protective measures we are now taking—filling the population immunity gap by widespread immunization, using a vaccine containing the swine strain of virus to which there is almost universal susceptibility; and since this is a killed-virus vaccine, it poses no danger of inadvertently causing the disease itself.

Some believe we should wait until there is more evidence of a real epidemic hazard. Others dislike injections; but this concern can be ameliorated by the jet gun now used in mass programs. Still others are opposed on principle to the idea of introducing anything "foreign" into the body or of using procedures that somehow "interfere with nature." In fact, current procedures employ perfectly natural materials that might normally invade the body in their live state and cause the very disease we are attempting to prevent.

Dr. Jonas Salk is the founding director and resident fellow of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies.

Youngsters, wearing bags of camphor, wait out th

As a participant in the development of flu vaccines, I am completely convinced by available data that vaccination can provide substantial protection. It protects not only individuals but entire groups. In fact, when a high proportion of a given population has been vaccinated, protection is often provided for the unvaccinated, as well as for those who may not have developed as strong an antibody response as others.

Contrary data can also be presented, of course; but we know the reasons for the failures, as well as for the successes. The failures stem from (1) differences in antigenic composition between the strain of virus contained in the vaccine and the epidemic strain—in other words, vaccination against the wrong virus; (2) vaccines of insufficient potency; and (3) insufficiently widespread use of vaccine. Since we can control these factors, such failures do not negate the validity and value of the principle. They simply tell us we must do a better job.

We have thus come to realize that for consistent success from year to year we need a vaccine that will be effective against *all strains* of virus that can cause the disease—not merely against one or another *prevailing strain*. This latter has been our strategy until now. The vaccine, moreover, will have to be employed on a wide scale to prevent epidemics from arising rather than on a limited scale in those groups likely to suffer high mortality if an outbreak were to occur—and who would, in fact, be better protected if the entire population participated in the vaccination program, which would prevent the outbreak at the outset.

When virtually all the people susceptible to a particular influenza virus have been infected and have thus become immune, that strain of virus seems to go "underground" for a time, or it changes its antigenic coat and thus bypasses

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918 pandemic—"The presumed cause was Type A-swine."

the immunity induced by its most recent form. The capacity of the influenza virus to change in this way is the reason why efforts to corner it have been thwarted, whereas unchanging viruses, such as those causing smallpox (one antigenic type) and poliomyelitis (three antigenic types), have been brought under control.

Two conditions contributed to success with smallpox and polio. First, only a small number of virus types, which were antigenically constant, were involved. Second, vaccination was employed on a scale wide enough to interrupt the chain of virus transmission in the population. These conditions led eventually to the eradication of the viruses, since they no longer had a fertile soil in which to become established.

In my view it is theoretically and practically possible to control influenza in any country where the concept of prevention is accepted and practiced effectively. The development of an all-encompassing vaccine against all influenza viruses known to have caused the disease in the past is complicated by the existence of five major families of Type A virus and one of Type B, with variants of each. Nevertheless, we have the basic knowledge for such an achievement—and evidence from prior experimentation that it would work.

The prospect for success lies in our knowledge that immunity to any given strain of influenza virus is associated with a certain level of antibody in the bloodstream. Such levels can be achieved consistently and maintained by use of a vaccine whose immunizing potential is stimulated by use of an immunologic adjuvant—that is, a substance that enhances the effectiveness of an immunizing agent. Such adjuvants (one of those studied is made with mineral oil and an emulsifying agent, another with peanut oil) allow much smaller amounts of the immunizing substance (a killed virus or purified virus protein) to be used than would normally be employed. In the case of the influenza viruses, this use of adjuvants would permit *all* the known major families of types A and B viruses and their variants to be included in a *single* vaccine. The reduced amount of each virus made possible by the adjuvant would also reduce undesirable reactions that might occur if we attempted to combine sufficient quantities of six or more viruses in a single vaccine without the use of a potent adjuvant.

Without an adjuvant, moreover, the levels of antibody induced would not be as high as desirable. A potent adjuvant not only allows a reduction in the amount of virus required to make such a vaccine but also induces levels of antibody high enough to be effective. It also increases the potency of the purified immunizing protein of the virus, in isolation from some of the constituents that may produce undesirable side effects, and from the nucleic acid (the genetic components) of the virus or of the cell in which it is grown. Thus, such a vaccine can be made either of killed virus or of the essential purified viral protein separated from the whole virus, neither of which substances would carry any risk of causing the disease.

What is now needed is a mini–Manhattan Project for a study of the optional adjuvant for this purpose and the optimal quantities of the different influenza-virus antigens. Since the known viruses tend to recycle (the antigens on the Type A-Asian virus, which appeared in 1957, were present on the virus that caused the 1889–90 pandemic; similarly, the Type A-Hong Kong of 1968 appears to have been active in 1900, and the present Type A-swine appears to have been the cause of the 1918–19 pandemic), we would at least be protected against the viruses that have tended to recur in the past and might recur in the future. Any "new" viruses (that is, those that have not yet been observed since influenza viruses were discovered, in 1931, and tracked) would be added to the vaccine as they appear.

THE fundamental assumptions in this approach are that (1) the number of influenza-virus families and variants is finite, (2) a vaccine can be produced that would eventually include all of them, and (3) such a vaccine could be administered to people widely and routinely at an appropriate age. Just as other infectious agents have been successfully dealt with, so, too, by this means, influenza immunity would be maintained and the virus prevented from becoming epidemic.

Influenza vaccine has been used successfully for thirty-three years, but we have never really taken advantage of it as an instrument of preventive medicine. Unless we make control of influenza a national goal, this disease will linger as a chronic threat. It will be the cause of endless debate whenever it is proposed that some effort be made to take another turn on the year-in, year-out flu-virus roulette wheel, as we guess what strain will come up next and whether we can act in such an emergency.

If we focus our attention on the immunity gap and not on the whereabouts of the swine antigen, we will find there is sufficient justification for both the present program as an immediate protective measure and for initiating a mini–Manhattan Project to bring influenza under final control. Every now and then there is a need for decisive action. The cost of such a research and development effort would be inconsequential compared to the gains achieved by reducing mortality, morbidity, and the cost of medical and hospital care. ◉

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Vladimir Nabokov
an interview by George Feifer

Wherein a literary genius gives two hours of carefully structured time to an inquiring young novelist

SOMETIMES a journalist should lay his cards on the table at the outset. Few of Vladimir Nabokov's books have moved me as much as the best critics said they should. I have been dazzled by his peerless imagery and language—and his versatility: he has written superbly about everything from the pattern of bathroom tiles to the sensations of wine on a jaded tongue. But his virtuosity often seemed an end in itself and therefore empty, even nihilistic. Behind Pasternak's lyricism, for example, I felt the presence of a great man of powerful passions, whereas Nabokov's exquisite prose might have been produced by some twenty-one-jeweled prose machine. What was he writing *about*? Certain butterflies, I'm told, get themselves up to resemble others for protection. And Russia has a distinguished line of immensely talented, imitative poets whose excellence is in their craft rather than in substance. They describe their private images and visions with ephemerally uplifting brilliance.

But not this, not even my lack of ardor for butterflies, was the principal cause of my nervousness before visiting Nabokov in Montreux. (One relative described him to me as a lepidopterist with a hobby . . . of writing!) I feared that my inadequate enthusiasm for his fiction was my failure rather than his. Some of my best and least pretentious friends have for years professed their love for him, the greatest living novelist writing in English. One has written a doctoral thesis analyzing the very substantive genius I missed. Readers like me, he demonstrated, were either blinded by Nabokov's surface splendor—as the witty author intended—or too unperceptive to sense the deep meanings there.

More to the point, and worse, I hadn't read his complete *oeuvre*. On his own scale for rating reviewers, a delightfully abashing invention that would come in answer to one of my questions, I ranked no higher than a "B." And I had seen him on television, his abrasive *hauteur* cutting through even erudite interviewers like scouring powder through grease in a thirty-second commercial. I had read his comments about great writers—Balzac, Stendhal, Pound, Mann, Dostoevski, Sartre, Lawrence, Camus—whom he not merely disapproved of but contemptuously dismissed as "detestable mediocrities" and "total fakes."

The crowning dreadmaker was his attitude toward the forthcoming interview itself, which required I submit written questions and reproduce his answers verbatim. His own defense of these conditions, based on a desire to transpose his oral "hemmings and hawings" into the prose he is capable of, is the best I'd seen. ("Even the dream I describe to my wife across the breakfast table is only a first draft.") But although it softened some of the humiliation, his conception of an ideal interview—eliminating every element of spontaneity and all semblance of actual talk to achieve a neatly paragraphed essay—was opposite to mine. I was to have no insight through random associations, no opportunity to play my thoughts against his to see when he would reach for the lob or try his dropshot. I was going into literary Wimbledon with the moves preplanned, like some parlor version of tennis for rainy days.

Horst Tappe/NYT Pictures

Nabokov and Véra, at Montreux—"Conversation in half-sentences and gestures."

George Feifer is an American novelist and journalist who lived for several years in the Soviet Union. His Moscow Farewell *was published earlier this year, and he is now working on a biography of the émigré dancer Valery Panov.*

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As laid down in Mrs. Véra Nabokov's reply to my opening letter to the champion, the other conditions were that I submit "some ten to twelve questions," of which he, pressed by a "very heavy working schedule," could answer no more than "six or, at most, eight." My twelve were on their way to his hotel on Lake Geneva a week later, and I waited, daydreaming about tranquilizers.

Q. You have said that you think like a genius, write like a distinguished author, and speak like a child. Can you confirm the implication that your writing is unequal to your thought?

A. What I really meant and could not quite express was that I think not in words but in images, in swimming colors, in shaded shapes—a type of cogitation that used to be termed "cold delirium" (*holodnyy bred*) by psychiatrists in old Russia. The feeling of power that I experience in my inmost self, among the delights of an abnormal mind, fades away when I speak or write. You are free to contradict me but I maintain that my English is a timid unreliable witness to the marvelous and sometimes monstrous images I try to describe. How more fortunate Joseph Conrad, who deals in conceptual platitudes with a stale style matching perfectly his beautiful popular thought!

Freedom from the American tourist twang in this summer of the dollar's nursing fortifies the Old World grandeur of the Montreux-Palace, one of the Continent's best hotels. But even without the steamy August heat, the Swiss prosperousness is choking. Sugarcoated molecules hang heavy in the air; as far as the eye can see, Lake Geneva's shore is an expense-account florist shop. Why does Nabokov live here? Few places in the world can be spiritually further from the Russian countryside's haunting unruliness: the rambling woods and fields of the vast family estates near St. Petersburg that helped make his childhood idyllic. He has written that he needn't seek anything similar because his memory provides him with the shape and color of every leaf—but I wonder. Does *this* variety of well-being have anything in common with that of his magnificent youth?

I HAVE been instructed to meet him in the bar at 3:10 P.M. The letter waiting for me at my arrival also restated the ground rules: his written answers to be reproduced verbatim (and he has the copyright); anything he says during the actual interview may only be paraphrased, without quotation marks. But I approach the bar with somewhat less trepidation than I expected. For he has answered not six or eight but all twelve of my "excellent" questions and welcomed me with friendly greetings.

And there he is, waiting for me with a gentle smile: the largish, professional figure with the unmistakable face of patrician generations. Had I not just been rereading his replies to reviewers and critics in my room—the "fools," "dunderheads," "criticasters," "swine," "old buffoons," and others who challenged or misinterpreted his genius—I might have seen him as the "mild old gentleman" he sees himself. Apart from an endearing reserve, there is nothing but friendliness in his handshake. Véra of the snow-white hair is of course seated at his side. His wife—and typist, editor, proofreader, adviser, and letter answerer—of fifty years, she calls him "Volodya," the diminutive of Vladimir. Quite natural when you think of it—which I never did.

When he was interviewed several years ago, his shorts, sports shirt, and windbreaker prompted the American reporter to remark that he dressed "more like a tourist than the tourists." Today, he is in his best English suit, a heavy three-piece garment that would no doubt have kept his face in flush even on a normally warm summer day. It strikes me that he has chosen this burdensome costume to please the photographer and me, as representatives of the British press.

Q. Why do we see so little of you in England? Are the memories and images of your Cambridge residence in 1919–1922 in any way responsible for our deprivation?

A. No, not at all. In fact so many secret ties, which it would be mawkish to discuss, linked me with England before and after my university years that I made a great effort in 1938 (two years before migrating to the States) to obtain an academic job in your country. As a Nansen-passport holder I had a hideous time squeezing a visa out of the British Consul in Paris, and when I overstayed it he attempted to reprimand me. A business visit to Cambridge proved a dismal flop (the person I spoke to kept wondering *why* did I think I could teach Russian literature), and when I decided to accept a lectureship in West Riding I discovered that the position had just been canceled. Nothing is lost, however: English readers have not been deprived of this American's books, a great consolation, especially as I prefer "lift" to "elevator" and "shop" to "store."

Nabokov (in 1938) and young family—his beloved Véra and three-year-old Dmitry, their only child—stuck in "heil-hitlering" Germany and Maginot's France, as his autobiography puts it; and "hopelessly trying to find an academic job in England . . ." The gloomy February trip to Cambridge, where his undergraduate friends, now well established, are too distracted to help. Britain loses another distinguished emigrant to more welcoming America.

In some quarters it is fashionable to deride Nabokov's pro-Americanism (the whole of America is dear to him, he tells me now) and to speculate about his Evelyn Waughish leanings. He is said to be a caustic reactionary who yearned for the bombing of Hanoi, considered Senator Fulbright a radical scoundrel, and mourned the passing of the admirable Richard Milhous. (Beyond an impish smile and a reference to the Nixon saga as a little "contretemps," I'm unable to draw anything specific from him about his politics. To his wife's amusement, he professes to be confused by the story of that Mr. Watergate fellow, or whatever, who got himself into some muddle.)

But with an eye on the mortal man himself rather than on smart phrases about him by himself and others, the waggish talk strikes me as misleading. Many refugees to New York and elsewhere remain far more pro-American than one would expect from their intelligence or "cultivation." The explanation may be quite simple: America took

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them when Europe was collapsing, and they were wanted nowhere else. Not an easy moment even for a Russian boy with a rich, liberal, generous, loving, aristocratic family that had given him the best possible protection against traumas, in the best of all possible childhoods.

Q. What surprises you in life?

A. Its complete unreality; the marvel of consciousness—that sudden window swinging open on a sunlit landscape amidst the night of non-being; the mind's hopeless inability to cope with its own essence and sense.

Q. You have said that no creed or school has had any influence on you whatsoever and that you have no social purpose, no moral message. What is the source of your immunity?

A. Mainly, an innate passion for independence; partly, my having realized very early in life that commitment to a particular cause disguises bad art and corrupts the good artist. I am running out of nutshells.

It all sounds fine, even noble, until the preposterousness hits: *no influence on him whatsoever?* This is as farfetched as his notion that art is something apart from, infinitely higher and better than, the rest of life. At times, he seems a one-man Switzerland: neutral, smug, aloof. Of course, when the trouble began in Russia, he was thankful to take refuge in Europe; when it followed him there, he set sail for The Arsenal of Democracy. In other words, his freedom to devote himself to "pure" art has been defended by lesser beings willing to declare their attachment to creeds and schools, and to shed blood for them.

Again and again, he has boasted in print of not being a joiner of anything, proclaiming his independence as if he delivered it to the Western world instead of the other way round. Yet I can't be too miffed: he would be nowhere without the political infighting he seems to scorn; yet we'd all be poorer without his eccentric, sometimes cantankerous talent.

Q. Is there a person, place, or situation that haunts you, in the sense that you have not used it to your own satisfaction in your work?

A. A strange streak of kindness in my nature prevents me from depicting in a contemplated memoir (*Speak on, Memory*) many burlesque characters I have filed away in the last three decades. As to "places and situations" that "haunt" one, as you neatly put it, there exists in my mind, a long series of trails, valleys, mountain slopes, rocky debris, bewitching little peat bogs associated with certain difficult butterflies that I longed to see alive, and saw at last, in natural motion or at rest, among the plants of their exiguous breeding places. Yet what can I do with that heavenly stuff as a writer? I am certainly not afraid to bore readers with nature notes worked into a memoir or story. I am afraid to trim my science to size or—what is much the same—not to take full advantage of my art in speaking of "scientific" details.

He smiles wetly; he seems slightly hard of hearing. Early—or late—indications of age. He toys with his dark glasses, worn today because of an annoying neuralgia in the temples. He fumbles with the change in his pocket to pay the waiter for black-currant juice, graciously ordered for the photographer and me.

Suddenly I am in a wave of affection for him so strong that I must look away. Not only affection but pity, strange as it feels. His franc pieces clinking on the table have reminded me of a rich uncle calling the young lad Volodya to his side one day and informing him casually that he had made him his heir; of those and other millions snatched away by the revolution; and of the much more important losses—of almost everything cherished, apart from his family—when he was forced to flee Russia. And of the forfeiture of a Russian readership, the greatest deprivation. For he is convinced that his English prose is distinctly inferior to his Russian (not all readers of both languages agree). He has labored for almost sixty years with this permanent sense of loss.

"The nostalgia I have been cherishing all these years is a hypertrophied sense of lost childhood," he has written. This passage seemed like hyperbole to me until just now, when I saw the little child behind the elderly man, groping for the proper coins. How sad that he is too distant (too shy?) for me to tell him this. We continue talking about the control he exercises over his translators, which is far less interesting to both of us.

Q. What role has sport played in your life; what role does it play now?

A. At one stage or another of my ancient reveries I have been H. L. Doherty (the younger of the two brothers), or some precursor of Gordon Banks. Many times did I save England—or still better some small obscure country—on the playing fields of boyish fancy while going on with the writing of no less imaginary novels under some dazzling pseudonym. The urge I have always had to enjoy and multiply the properties of a sphere—catching it, kicking it, spinning it—may be seen by a solemn symbolist as a craving to dominate the terrestrial globe; but that leaves out, in my case, the sting of sheer pleasure, the healthy physical thrill inherent in a perfectly executed stroke. In modest reality I never won prizes in sports, but played strong effortless tennis well into my sixties when an accidental interruption grew into a permanent quit. As to football I kept goal as late as 1936 for a Russian émigré eleven in Berlin, in games with incredibly rough young Germans—factory teams and the like.

Goalkeeping was one of the thrills of his youth, and I've heard that his enthusiasm for soccer remains keen and that he is still competitive physically: charging up the nearest hill, he will enjoy the panting of his editor or some other walking companion. I know that he gave tennis as well as language lessons during his lean émigré years, but alas, he cannot play with me. He says he stopped by accident, with-

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Wide World

Vladimir the lepidopterist—"Hunting butterflies, especially Whites."

out elaborating; Mrs. Nabokov explains that he mustn't waken sleeping appetites.

Q. Igor Stravinsky was long no less reluctant than you are to visit Russia yet, like Marc Chagall, was profoundly moved when he did. Might remnants of the stimulus to their creativity survive in Russia to be perceived by sensitivities such as theirs—and yours?

A. I am unfamiliar with the music of Stravinsky and indifferent to the paintings of Shagal (correct transliteration). Besides, since they *did* revisit Moscow (where I have never been) they were evidently less reluctant to return than I. Stimulus, indeed! Churches and tenements. Corn, sweet corn. Another drop of *vodochka*, dear Vladimir Vladimirovich!* I can assure you that my shudder is final.

He is unfamiliar with Stravinsky's music (aren't you stretching your arch pose a bit, Vladimir Vladimirovich?) but not with the "old idiot's" babbling (as he now describes his fellow émigré's arrival in Moscow) about "my dear dear brothers" as he stepped from the plane. Yet I sympathize with him wholly here. If he did visit Russia, he could avoid neither the canting camaraderie of literary hacks and cultural overseers nor the nauseating peace-and-friendship banquets nor the newspapers, making odious capital out of his presence in the motherland of socialism. At one time he considered a tourist trip under a pseudonym, but he has discarded this idea and simply will not go.

In one way or another, a hundred journalists have asked him about returning to Russia. I hope I am the last. For once, I sense, he is not being coy. He says he is indifferent to that country, run by a police state—and I believe him.

Q. References to "asses," "anonymous clowns," and persons who move their lips while reading abound in your comments to interviewers. Most of these "hacks" (i.e., almost everyone) appear to be less imaginative than yourself. How much is your self-confessed good nature, gayness, warmth, and sweet temper dependent on isolating yourself from the likes of me?

A. You have rather mixed up things in your question. I have nothing against the likes of you. I was referring to the asses and geese among reviewers, not interviewers. Even so, I may have been a bit brusque. Lately I have prepared a kind of descending scale to grade critics from A-plus to D-minus. You will see that I am concerned exclusively with the amount of information that the reviewer possesses in regard to my works. It goes something like this:

A+. The reviewer of my new book who has read and reread all my previous novels. (He may have developed in the process, or been unable to surmount, a vague repulsion toward them but that is beside the point and does not affect his grade.)

Plain A. Has read almost all my books (this is perhaps over-generous but the descent will be rapid).

B–. Knows everything except *The Gift*, *Pale Fire* and *Ada*. Promises to catch up with his reading. Had family worries, etc.

C–. Is an ardent admirer of *Laughter in the Dark* (my frailest book) and remembers something about mushrooms in an anthology years ago. That is all he has read. Admiration does not increase marks. Sorry.

D. Thinks he has seen a film based on one of my books.

D–. Has never opened my new book—the one he is writing about—relying entirely on the opinion of a friend who reads fast but prefers yarns about miners and samurai. Spells my name with three *o*'s.

Q. Nothing bores you more, you have said, than the literature of social intent. Is Solzhenitsyn's purpose—the healing of Russia through literature—uncongenial to you?

A. *Gulag* is an important historical work, not fiction. I was speaking of fiction-coated tracts (Dreiser, Upton Lewis, numerous earnest young writers of today).

Nabokov and Solzhenitsyn? How curious, and tragic, that

*A fawning KGB officer posing as a lover of Nabokov's books might slur his name this way after too much *vodochka*, the Russian diminutive for "vodka." —G.F.

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these two Russian giants of letters found themselves for a time living 100 miles apart, in bourgeois Switzerland. And how much they have in common, after Solzhenitsyn's deportation. Both draw heavily on memories of Russia for inspiration; both fiercely protect their private lives, revolted by the notion of biographers snooping to uncover more than they themselves care to reveal about why they are living. In the paradoxical manner of many great writers utterly devoted to freedom of expression for themselves, both take enormous pains to control their own presentation to the public. (Solzhenitsyn, too, has demanded written questions for his "interviews," in some cases even instructing reporters what to ask.) And I would not like to say which of the two masters is more impatient with lesser beings.

YET how different they are, too! Since the mid-nineteenth century, the universal debate about a writer's duty—art for art's sake; art for the benefit of society—was sharper in Russia than elsewhere because of the intelligentsia's guilt about peasant conditions. And these two novelists represent the poles: the urbane Nabokov believing that true art must derive from artifice; the provincial Solzhenitsyn preaching that Russian writers must save the country's soul. Therefore I am startled to hear now that before he left Russia, Solzhenitsyn wrote an exceedingly warm, even "brotherly," letter to Nabokov, his fellow writer. Nabokov did not answer; he never does to communications from Russia, lest it provoke the KGB. But when Solzhenitsyn arrived in exile, one of his first acts was to write again—"Perhaps we will meet soon in little Switzerland"—and Nabokov did reply. Solzhenitsyn wrote a third time; Nabokov again remained silent, lest the correspondence "go on forever."

Or perhaps because he feels less than enthusiastic about Solzhenitsyn's heal-Russia crusade. He repeats emphatically that the historical importance of *Gulag*, that peerless chronicle of Soviet crimes, is very great; but the pursing of his aristocratic lips as he declines to discuss Solzhenitsyn's literary merits suggests he thinks little of him as a writer. (With few exceptions, he thinks little of most Russian writers, including some of the accepted nineteenth-century giants.) And I gather, too, that although he and Solzhenitsyn might agree about the nature of Soviet rule, Nabokov would no more subscribe to the former inmate's plans for saving Russia than sign on as newswriter for Moscow Radio. The words "potential dictator" crop up in our brief discussion of Solzhenitsyn, but "Oh, we can't go into that. . . ."

Q. In your recent experience, has pollution affected the life and existence of butterflies?

A. Pollution in itself is a lesser enemy of butterfly life than, say, climatic changes. One sees Skippers and Blues relish rich black filth near country garages and camping grounds. In the case of very local species whose numbers are not kept up by wide-wandering impregnated females the destruction of an uncommon foodplant by some idiot vineyardist can of course wipe out a habitat. But nature is hardy and certain delicate semitransparent little larvae are known to have outmaneuvered the most modern pesticides. It is wonderful to pick out in the crazy quilt of an agricultural area as seen from an airplane the number of green holes where a lovely insect can safely breed. The gloomiest lepidopterist perks up when he thinks that butterflies have survived millenniums of reckless farming, overgrazing and deforestation.

My best question, he says delightedly. I try to use his enthusiasm to somehow get beyond the safe subjects to the heart of him. He parries my thrusts like a fencing master with a tyro, and for the *n*th time our conversation peters out. "But of course that can't be discussed." "That's not for publication." "We can't go into that, I'm afraid."

The Nabokovs will, however, say why they prefer a hotel on the main Lake Geneva drag to something quieter, even if Nabokov sometimes writes with ear plugs against the lorries and Mercedes. Freedom from servants and cooking; instant service in case of need—for a doctor or, possibly, an injection. And they will also confirm that they do not want a place of their own. When they return to America, it will be, as always, to temporary accommodation.

We step out onto the terrace. The Nabokovs are good enough to point out the windows of their quarters. It is a seven-room flat on the top—the sixth floor—overlooking the lake and the traffic. Up there. The inner sanctum. With a balcony. And all kinds of associations of what this hotel was like when it was built, 140 years ago.

They have almost all their meals there. Their secretary uses one of the rooms. The flat also contains a library of some 40,000 volumes. Many are copies of Nabokov's best-sellers: instead of the six usually supplied by most publishers, he obtains up to 100 of some editions. Because they grow more and more valuable with the years. A collection of his poems published in Berlin in 1921, for example, now fetches hundreds of dollars—and he has several copies, together with (arch smile: *lukavaya ulibka*) some rare *Lolita*s and other little treasures. They will make a fine heirloom for his son.

I wonder what else he's hoarding up there. And what prompts his penchant for living in hotels, where no degree of convenience, no amount of awed respect by his concierge's staff ("Mr. Nabokov's cables may be delivered only at *dix heures*, M'sieur"), can dissolve the hard core of impersonality. But my probing elicits nothing more revelatory than comments of his I have already read and puzzled over.

A man who spent his first twenty years in Russia, his second twenty in European exile (where he was occasionally very hard up), and his third twenty in America puts himself in a kind of voluntary exile from his second homeland—does that make sense?

Q. What do you want to do most in the next two years?

A. Hunt butterflies, especially certain Whites, in the mountains of Iran and in the Middle Atlas. Quietly take up tennis again. Have three new suits made in London. Revisit certain landscapes and libraries in America. Find a harder *and* darker pencil.

He will be seventy-eight next April. He works very hard—sometimes from early morning to evening, when in the thick of a novel—and Mrs. Nabokov worries about him. At the moment, he is correcting the French proofs of *Ada*, an oner-

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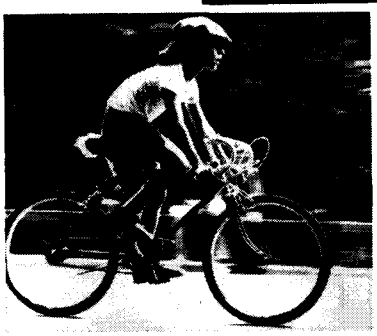

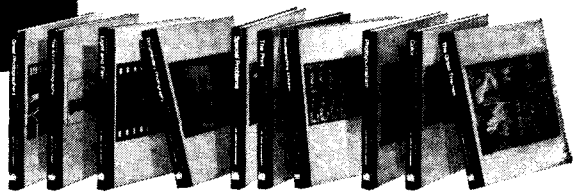

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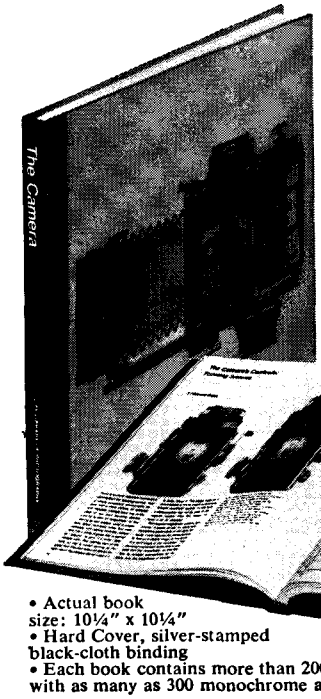

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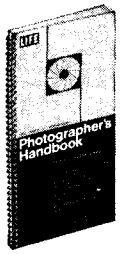

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ous but self-imposed task. So many mistakes in others' work! he sighs. So many months taken from his own writing to correct them! Otherwise they would get away with them. He is the first writer in the history of literature, he allows, to be saddled with this obligation because he is the first to know a troika of languages—English, Russian, French—perfectly.

But when he does finish at last, he may go on to a continuation of his autobiography, mentioned earlier. *Speak, Memory* ends before his arrival in America, in 1940, for the synthesis of his life, after the thesis of Russian youth and antithesis of European exile.

Nabokov's eyes twinkle with humor while his wife's dilate in alarm. Ought he to have revealed this secret to me? It's the only one I've learned during the entire interview. But now Nabokov's gaze is on me again, and I realize it is no secret at all but a neatly planted leak.

> **Q.** You have been quoted as saying that biography can produce no closer likeness of its subjects than macabre dolls. Are you making any provisions to enable your biographers to make their mistakes?
>
> **A.** The biographer is apt to become a macabre doll himself if he does not accept, meekly and gratefully, to comply with all the desires and indications of his still robust subject—or those of wise lawyers and hawk-eyed heirs. If the subject is dead and unprotected, a century or so should be allowed to elapse before his diaries can be published and chuckled over. In this connection I see that the reviewer of an unauthorized biography of T. S. Eliot believes that "a famous man dead or alive is fair game." Such a pronouncement coming from a usually sensitive and sober critic strikes me as revolting. The facts in my *Speak, Memory* and *Strong Opinions* as well as a collection of special notes should prevent a vicious mediocrity from distorting *my* life, *my* truth, *my* anecdotes.

Ten years ago, an American scholar who had been expelled from Russia asked me to consult the catalog of Moscow's Lenin Library for what he believed was Nabokov's first work to be printed: a poem—about butterflies, I believe—published privately in 1914. I mention this episode now because Nabokov has spoken well of that scholar: in *Speak, Memory*, he is "kind"; in the recently published *Strong Opinions*, "my good friend . . . [who] has contributed some brilliantly worded remarks" about his art. But this topic, too, delivers me directly to a dead end: the scholar who is now preparing a biography of Nabokov has already incurred his subject's displeasure.

Ah, Mr. X: we shall now change the subject. . . . Although "dying" to speak about him (I have been pressing on, cautiously, with my questions) that's all Nabokov is going to say. . . . He'd love to give me some examples of Mr. X's enormous blunders, but this would put him in an "embarrassing situation." Biographers had, indeed, better watch their step, for Nabokov is still quite robust enough—and eager—to pounce on their errors.

And interviewers as well. Too much of our precious time as gone to a discussion of a previous reporter's sins. A 1971 'icle I liked caused Nabokov to shudder over the "terrible" and "dreadful" person who wrote the "mess," violating the injunctions about paraphrasing spoken answers and reproducing written ones verbatim. I visualize myself the object of devastating ridicule in some new volume of collected scorn, which is not an entirely fanciful description of *Strong Opinions*.

Why, then, does he bother with interviews of this kind? He has made it perfectly clear that all the public need know about a writer is his work; and I understand, even admire, the tenacious protection of his time and privacy. But what prompts him to submit, as he puts it, to journalists like me? Well, he always has a thing or two on his chest, and since most interviewers' questions are variations on the same themes, he can easily twist them a bit—as he has done with a couple of mine—to get them off.

So he has been good enough to confirm what I have felt from the first moment with him: that he is in total command of the fact, or fantasies, of *his* life, revealing to me only the wisps it pleased him to reveal.

Volodya and Véra engage in a final discussion about what should and should not be shown me. Mention the name of Y? Show us one or two of his butterfly drawings? Husband and wife converse in half-sentences and gestures. They have been together since 1925, and although I know nothing whatever about their relationship, I sense that they need each other more than ever now, in proportion to their ascent to the sanctuary of their sixth-floor seclusion.

It is 5:10 P.M. The time budgeted for me has elapsed. Nabokov's arrogance of opinion incorporates no personal lordliness or snobbery: within the limits set by him, he has been cordial, even genial, throughout these two hours; and he takes his leave with the same amiability. He simply must be off: he dines very early and is in bed by 8:00 P.M.

"Mr. Nabokov, for better or worse, the great reading public wants to know how you live. I'm afraid I know very little about this."

"Neither do I." He chuckles mischievously, and I suddenly wake up to a darling little trick he has played on me during our talk. A supposedly brilliant scholar-cum-critic he mentioned—approvingly!—is probably his own creation, conjured up to ask the questions and allow him to make the points he really cares about—and, no doubt, to twit the public. He has spoofed me, too, inoffensively, and I like him for this, although my failure to detect the artifice surely did not encourage him to open up to me.

But why should he in any case? His determination to shape, polish, and play with everything before saying it is integral to his art and, as much as I can tell now, his personality. It is his great strength and, insofar as my judgment is valid, his weakness as a writer. Besides, a professor from Italy—"what's his name again?"—is coming to interview him tomorrow. I wonder whether Nabokov will wear an ivory linen suit for him. And how many other uniforms he has up there for visiting journalists and scholars of every nationality.

I do not even see where he disappears to after shaking hands. The Montreux-Palace has made me a hundred years old. I have a headache from the lacustrine humidity. And a line from his latest book throbs in my ear: "I've no general ideas to exploit, I just like composing riddles with elegant solutions." ◉

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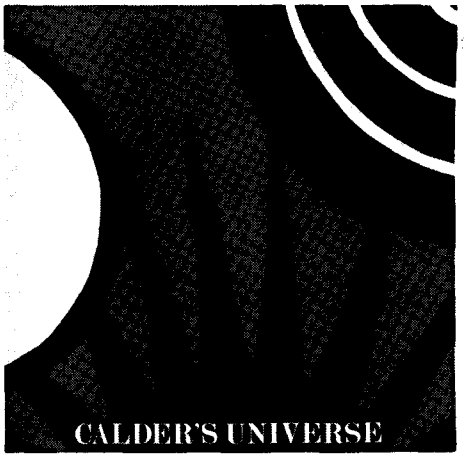
Art Books for Christmas Giving

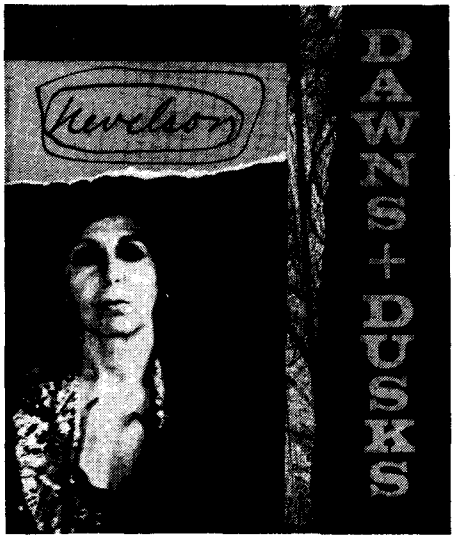
by John Canaday

HALLELUJAH! There are some first-rate art books around this pre-Christmas. They cost a packet (what doesn't?), but an unusual number of them offer more than the usual rehash of threadbare material gussied up with a lot of bright color. This may sound odd when I go on to say that some of the best deal with subjects you'd think had been exhausted—in American art, for instance, Alexander Calder, Georgia O'Keeffe, Louise Nevelson, and that artist most beloved by the American public and most abused by American critics, Andrew Wyeth. Each of these books, along with a dozen or so others reviewed here, has a reason for existing other than that it might sell. I hope they all do. If they don't, next year's remainders shelves are going to be gold mines.

Variety of excellence makes it impossible to choose a best art book of 1976. There is no question, though, about which one is the happiest. It is CALDER'S UNIVERSE, by Jean Lipman (Viking, $28.50*). Granted that it would be impossible to produce a gloomy book about the twentieth century's most ebullient artist, this one is a delight from page to page, whether the material is as familiar as the early mobiles and the famous "Calder's Circus" or whether you discover stabiles around the world that you didn't know existed. The miracle of Calder's art is its unflagging invention within a personal style that stamps everything he does, from an improvised kitchen fork to a decorated airplane. It's all there in CALDER'S UNIVERSE, in excellent color and crisp black and white, including biographical photographs. When we say that the text is a worthy exposition of the material, that's praise.

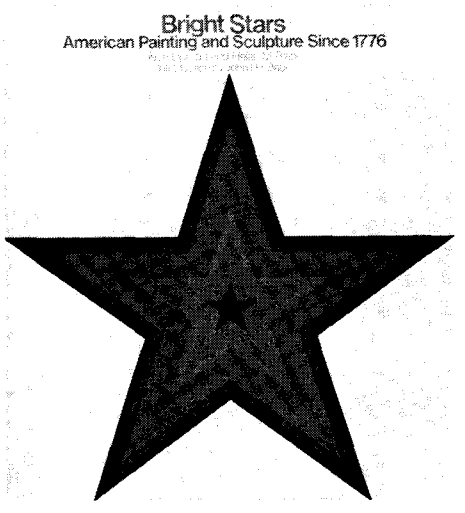


Calder's is not an art to inspire philosophical ponderings on the mysterious genesis of the creative act. CALDER'S UNIVERSE doesn't go in for any such speculations—and a good thing, too, I would ordinarily say, since these speculations have a way of going off into squashy romantic nonsense. (See any biography of Leonardo da Vinci.) But DAWNS AND DUSKS, a volume of conversations with Louise Nevelson, taped, transcribed, and edited by Diana MacKown (Scribner's, $12.95), is an exception. "Louise Nevelson is present in every phrase of this combination of personal history, philosophical autobiography, and declaration of aesthetic principles by a woman who can be a shrewd observer of the way of the world in one breath and a mystic in the next, without any hiatus or contradiction between the two." That sentence is quoted from the introduction, which I wrote—which I *insisted* on writing after reading the manuscript. Under the circumstances, as a reviewer, let me make it clear that I was paid no fee, will get no royalties, and the kickback has already been delivered in the form of a free meal at Louise Nevelson's favorite restaurant—Lombardi's, on Spring Street.



DAWNS AND DUSKS is not a picturebook but an informal and arresting revelation of the emotional sources of one intuitional (and disciplined) artist's inspiration. GEORGIA O'KEEFFE, by Georgia O'Keeffe herself (Viking, $60) and WYETH AT KUERNERS, with notes by the artist's wife, Betsy James Wyeth (Houghton Mifflin, $60), are also about the process of creation, but they tackle it more objectively. Both are fine books and paradigms of color illustration. (Calder, with his pure reds, yellows, and blues, is easy; O'Keeffe and Wyeth offer every difficulty in the reproduction of nuance and texture.)

Since Katharine Kuh will soon be devoting a whole column to the O'Keeffe book, I will say no more than that each of her paintings is presented as a *fait accompli*. In contrast, WYETH AT KUERNERS takes you step by step, frequently by roundabout country paths, through the conception and execution of paintings done at the Kuerner farm, in Pennsylvania, one of the two sites (the other being the Olson farm, in Maine) that ... given Wyeth his most sympatheti...



John Canaday, retired art criti... New York Times, is author of ... books on art history and criticism.

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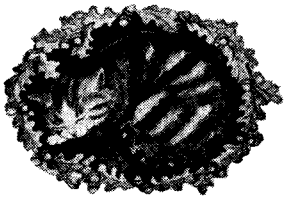

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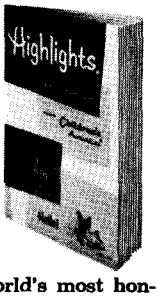

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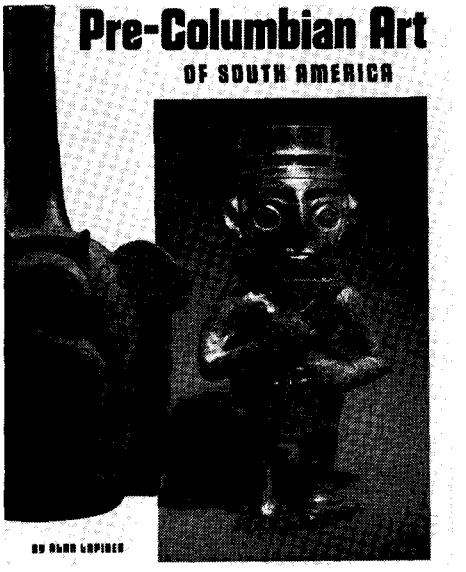
rial. Among the 315 beautiful plates, there are more than fifty preliminary pencil drawings, watercolor sketches, and related paintings that finally culminated in a single major tempera painting, the Philadelphia Museum of Art's "Ground Hog Day." The drawings are exquisitely reproduced. Confronted by the freedom and sensitivity of these works—for instance, those on pages 41, 80, 81, 130, and 306—even Wyeth's most vicious critic should feel abashed.

With the two titles above and the three immediately following now available, American art comes off very well this season. Right at the top of the list of books we really needed is AMERICAN MASTER DRAWINGS AND WATERCOLORS, by Theodore E. Stebbins, Jr., (Harper & Row, $35, cloth; $10.95, paper). Beginning back in 1564 with drawings that are American only in subject matter—those of the explorer-naturalist Jacques Le Moyne De Morgues—the 360 illustrations conclude with Robert Smithson's *Spiral Jetty*, which was built out into Great Salt Lake with stones and earth and can be called a drawing only by the relaxed definition of the last few decades. Among the 358 illustrations in between, Stebbins includes works by the artists you would expect to find, peppered with one delightful surprise after another by artists seldom heard of. The low price of $10.95 for the paperback makes this beautifully produced book available to anybody—and anybody with any interest in American art, or in drawing in general, should have it.

BRIGHT STARS, by Jean Lipman and Helen M. Franc, with a minihistory of American art by John I. H. Baur as the introduction (Dutton, $35), is a kind of Bicentennial coda. The 150 plates included here are works created from 1776 until 1970, ending with Robert Smithson's Salt Lake *Spiral Jetty*, everybody's terminal example this year. The book is heavily weighted at two poles—folk art and "primitives" as one, and current art as the other. But, everything considered, I think I would vote for this book as the best appreciative introductory survey of American art that I have yet seen.

200 YEARS OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE, by Tom Armstrong, director of the Whitney Museum, and the six curators who organized the museum's 1976 exhibition of the same title (Godine, $35), combines a catalog for that ill-received show with extensions that make it a wider survey than was possible within the confines of the building. The installation at the Whitney was generally attacked as being installation first and revelation of the material second. As for the book, I would suggest that when one out of every five illustrations is devoted to the last fifteen years of a 200-year survey, something is out of proportion, even when we remember that the recent decades have been extremely fertile. Somehow, too, the disparities between aesthetic loyalties and the contrasts in writing styles of the seven authors make for a very choppy book. But until somebody does for American sculpture what Stebbins has just done for



American drawing, this is the book to keep on hand.

Say one thing in an omnibus article, which this is, and the next item on the list will contradict it. There are thirteen authors for ISLAM AND THE ARAB WORLD, edited by one of them, Bernard Lewis (Knopf, $29.95), but there is nothing choppy or uneven about the text. It is all of a piece, a very impressive unit, and there is just a chance that if I were allowed to keep only one of the books reviewed here, this would be it. The thirteen texts by authorities on Islamic history, religion, philosophy, literature, music—well, everything—make it a compendium worthy of its broad title.

I don't pretend to have done more than scan the twelve other sections, which will take weeks to read, but the section on art and architecture by Richard Ettinghausen, consultative chairman of the Islamic Department of the Metropolitan Museum, is a short book within a long book, accompanied, in effect, not only by its own set of illustrations but also by the hundreds of

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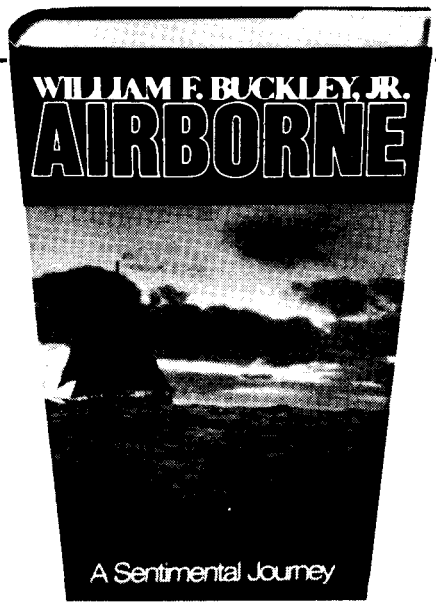
other paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and buildings used as adjuncts to the other twelve sections, each illustration with its own brief and illuminating comment. Here is a world, suddenly important to us, that we in the West, after all this time, know only superficially. Quite aside from political and economic considerations, ISLAM AND THE ARAB WORLD surveys dazzling arts that we have been content to half understand at best.

Briefly, here are some other good books that managed to get in under the deadline:

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART OF SOUTH AMERICA, by Alan Lapiner (Abrams, $50). On first acquaintance this is a great big handsome book with concise introductions to South American pre-Columbian cultures, illustrated with more objects than are necessary to make the points. But these are small objects affording intimate delights (as opposed to the grandeur of Mayan and other ancient Mexican arts), and on second and third examinations and on indefinitely, each of the objects—and there are more than 900 of them: ceramics, textiles, stone sculptures, gold ornaments—comes into its own as a work of art of such emotive power or wit or decorative brilliance that you realize the book is inexhaustible.

THE SCULPTURE OF AUGUSTE RODIN, by John L. Tancock (Godine, $40), is a work of scholarship both readable for pleasure and basic as a Rodin reference. In scheme it is a catalog of the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia, where the collection rivals that of the Rodin Museum in Paris, but so many extensions are included in the way of related works, information about models, accounts of Rodin's life, and so on, that the title could almost as well have been "The Complete Sculpture of Auguste Rodin."

THE BROTHERS DUCHAMP, by Pierre Cabanne (New York Graphic Society, $49.50). The brothers are Jacques Villon, the painter; Raymond Duchamp-Villon, the sculptor; and Marcel Duchamp, the man-of-all-quirks. Each of the three would seem to have been covered exhaustively in too many books, including several by the author of this one, but here, apparently gifted with total recall as well as assiduousness in total research, he ties everything together in a beautifully produced book that gives a new dimension to familiar material. The book centers on the contrasting personalities and careers of Jacques Villon, a steady, hardworking, analytical artist who achieved success slowly, and his brother Marcel Duchamp, who glittered and sparkled and threw away his small notoriety only to have it come back to him



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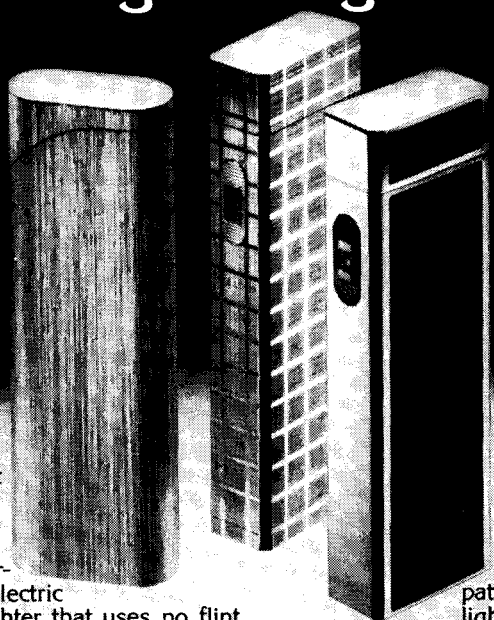

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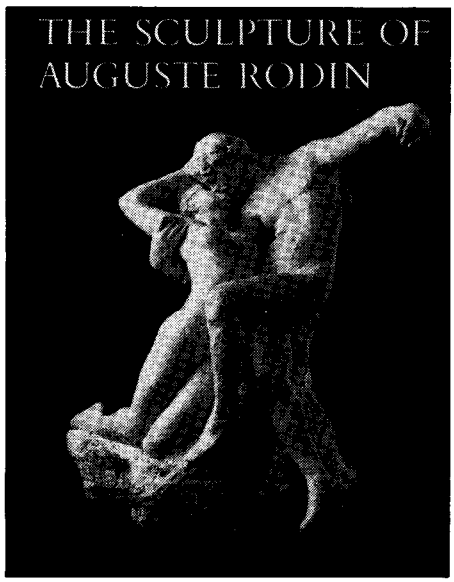
upon the waters as international fame increased tenfold by good luck. The book desperately needs an index, which would make it one of the valuable reference sources among recent publications on modern art. Too bad.

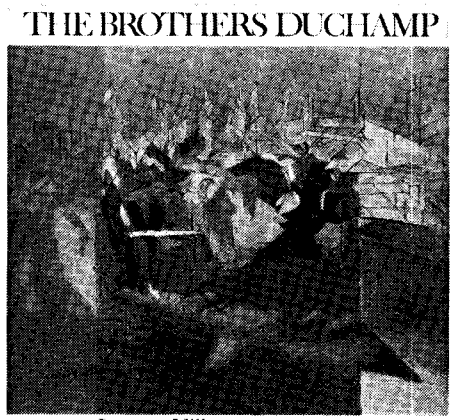
Alice Bellony-Rewald has done a similar job—with index—in THE LOST WORLD OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS (New York Graphic Society, $32.50). That is, she gives a new slant to a mass of familiar material, telling the Impressionist story in interrelated biographies tied to the places the artists worked, from various countryside sites to Paris. There are numerous photographs (Robert Gordon deserves much credit as photographic consultant and documenter) as pendants to the paintings. The Impressionist adventure is the great story of nineteenth-century art, and although it is told here in a prose style more notable for its organization of multitudinous details than for any literary distinction, it is still a great tale.



THE FARNESE HOURS, introduction and commentaries by Webster Smith (Braziller, $25), is the current number in Braziller's admirable series of great illuminated manuscripts in facsimile. It is a reproduction of the renowned volume (now in the Morgan Library) done for Cardinal Alessandro Farnese in 1546 by Giulio Clovio, a Croatian Italian mannerist. In mannerist fashion, Clovio borrowed unashamedly from Michelangelo, reducing the thunderous drama of the Sistine ceiling to a fashionable charade on the pages of a tiny book—a technical gem of slightly perverse attractions. And at the very last minute we have received from the same publisher RETURNING HOME: TAO-CHI'S ALBUM OF LANDSCAPES AND FLOWERS ($15), a most beautiful little volume of twelve calligraphic poems with their twelve companion paintings, preceded by translations and comments by Wen Fong. My guess is that everybody who sees this book is going to settle his Christmas problem by ordering a couple of dozen copies.

Braziller is also publishing FABULOUS FEASTS, a book on medieval cookery and dining ceremonies, complete with recipes, by Madeleine Peiner Cosman ($19.95). It is illustrated with enchanting examples of medieval painting.

ART BRUT, by Michel Thévoz (Rizzoli, $22.50). *Art brut*, or raw art, is the art of

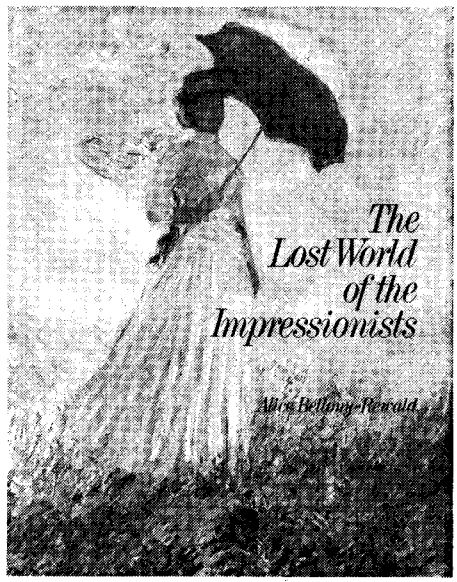


Jacques Villon
Raymond Duchamp-Villon
Marcel Duchamp

individuals not yet contaminated by or freed from the conventions of society—young children, savages, madmen, retardates, or just plain eccentrics. The argument goes that *art brut* is the only true art, since it springs from untainted creative sources, whereas the art of the museums, galleries, and studios is false art, distorted by the abnormal controls that society imposes on natural responses to life. Obviously, a book on the subject is more concerned with psychoanalysis and sociology than with aesthetics. There are some interesting illustrations, most of which seem to me to disprove the points they are supposed to make, since they are distortions of the images of "cultural" art rather than spontaneous "uncontaminated" inventions. This is a serious treatment of a subject best known to the art world through its supersophisticated promulgator, the artist Jean Dubuffet, who contributes here a brief introduction.

PICASSO'S CERAMICS, by Georges Ramie (Viking, $45), and PICASSO IN PERSPECTIVE, edited by Gert Schiff (Prentice-Hall, $8.95, cloth; $2.95, paper). Remember when no season was complete without half a dozen coffee-table books on Picasso? PICASSO'S CERAMICS is a bit in that vein, its text spotted with passages such as this one, describing pottery in the kiln: "the fateful moment of truth . . . this ordeal by fire, consuming the offering only to restore it with a new nature under a new appearance . . . like the medieval Judgment of God; jousting in the lists with lowered visors, where the victory is to the valiant." Make sense of that if you can. The illustrations are exhaustive and beautiful, ceramics being well adapted to the brightest color processes known to bookmaking.

PICASSO IN PERSPECTIVE, one of an excellent series that includes both old and modern masters, is a collection of critical



essays, favorable and unfavorable, covering every aspect of Picasso's work. Not a picturebook. Highly recommended as a critical resumé. And only $2.95, paperback.

And, finally, THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C., by John Walker, the gallery's director emeritus (Abrams, $45). Jeepers! Nine hundred and twenty-five paintings and drawings in color and seventy-eight sculptures in black and white, plus introductory material, make a grand total of 1,120 illustrations, 1,028 of which are in full color. Variation in quality is inevitable on that scale, and you get it, from near perfect in some of the full-page plates to a hot, murky red suffusion in some of the smaller ones. Well, you can't have everything, and this hefty volume is at the very least a souvenir of the riches in a museum that gets richer every year. John Walker's text on the history of the gallery and his notes on individual paintings are graceful and, of course, knowledgeable. This one should be around for a long time. Everything considered—congratulations! ◉

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On the Picturebook Scene—with Christmas in View

by Margaret R. Weiss

Among the season's picturebooks, rosemary-for-remembrance mingles with the scent of Christmas pine. Authors have reviewed and recapped; picture editors have researched and rediscovered; photographers have reminisced and revisited. (December is definitely an *R* month.) Many of these recollections of the past turn out to be re-collections of all-too-familiar material that has merely been reshuffled, recycled, and repackaged. Others concerned with the vanished and the vanishing have produced some notable photo-documentaries—on subjects ranging from primitive cultures and wild landscape to Renaissance treasures, turn-of-the-century social patterns, and the living and working environments of renowned innovators in art and thought.

Commissioned by the French Government and Picasso's heirs, David Douglas Duncan returned to the artist's Nôtre-Dame de Vie villa to document its contents right down to the last outdated calendar. The Silent Studio (Norton, $12.50), a postscript to *Goodbye Picasso*, is also an appreciation of his widow, Jacqueline. (She appears in thirteen of the canvases, several framed photographs, and a candid *Life*-style sequence shot during her period of seclusion after the funeral.) Regarding the empty studio in Mougins as Picasso's "last self-portrait," Duncan has designed and produced an attractive between-covers gallery for its public showing.

Not only the psychoanalyst's couch but also every other item in Freud's fifteen-room apartment is faithfully recorded in Edmund Engelman's Berggasse 19: Vienna 1938 (Basic Books, $25). Now a consulting engineer in photographic technology, Engelman was a mere amateur when he performed this clandestine assignment. Despite enormous odds—the ever-present shadow of Nazi surveillance, the vagaries of available light, and Freud's imminent flight only days away—his coverage was painstakingly thorough. With its late-Victorian decor and embarrassment of objects, the "dream" house has a lived-in look—one that defies analysis but silently attests to the complex personality of its occupant. Peter Gay's introductory essay interprets Freud as a man torn between candor and concealment—always the irreproachable bourgeois "who made his revolution in the most unrevolutionary surroundings."

Brassaï encores his *Paris de Nuit* in The Secret Paris of the 30's (Pantheon, $17.95). The "best unkept secret" would be a more accurate though less titillating description of the places where he watched high and low society converge: bordellos, opium dens, the gay clubs of Montparnasse, Montmartre's underworld dives. Even under the handicap of insensitive layout and uneven reproduction, these after-dark views of the City of Light retain much of their fascination, and Brassaï's commentary is an engaging memoir.

Ansel Adams's Photographs of the Southwest (Little, Brown/New York Graphic Society, $32.50) is aptly described by its subtitle: *Selected Photographs Made from 1928 to 1968 in Arizona, California, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas and Utah, with a Statement by the Photographer and an Essay on the Land by Lawrence Clark Powell.* Translated into black-and-white prints, that means 100 classic vista-visions of Adams country seen in brilliant sunlight and under stormy skies, at dawn and at moonrise. In his statement Adams notes, "I could not avoid reusing certain photographs because of their significance to the general theme. . . . It is hoped that the familiar images will appear fresh in their new context." New or old, they are object lessons in the eloquence—and the eloquent use—of light.

Another lesson in light-dynamics is Michelangelo's Three Pietàs: A Photographic Study, by David Finn, with text by Frederick Hartt (Abrams, $35). Instead of the flat, middle-distance "catalog" shots usually associated with documentation of sculpture, frame-filling close-ups bring into view new planes and textures with each change of camera angle and light. For Finn, the distance from Rome to Florence to Milan—from one "Pietà" to the next—is measured not in hundreds of kilometers but in hundreds of film exposures. As a result, he can say, "I think I know every one of Michelangelo's chisel marks by heart—and I am in

Detail of the Rome "Pietà" (six weeks before the tragedy of 1972).

David Finn from *Michelangelo's Three Pietàs*

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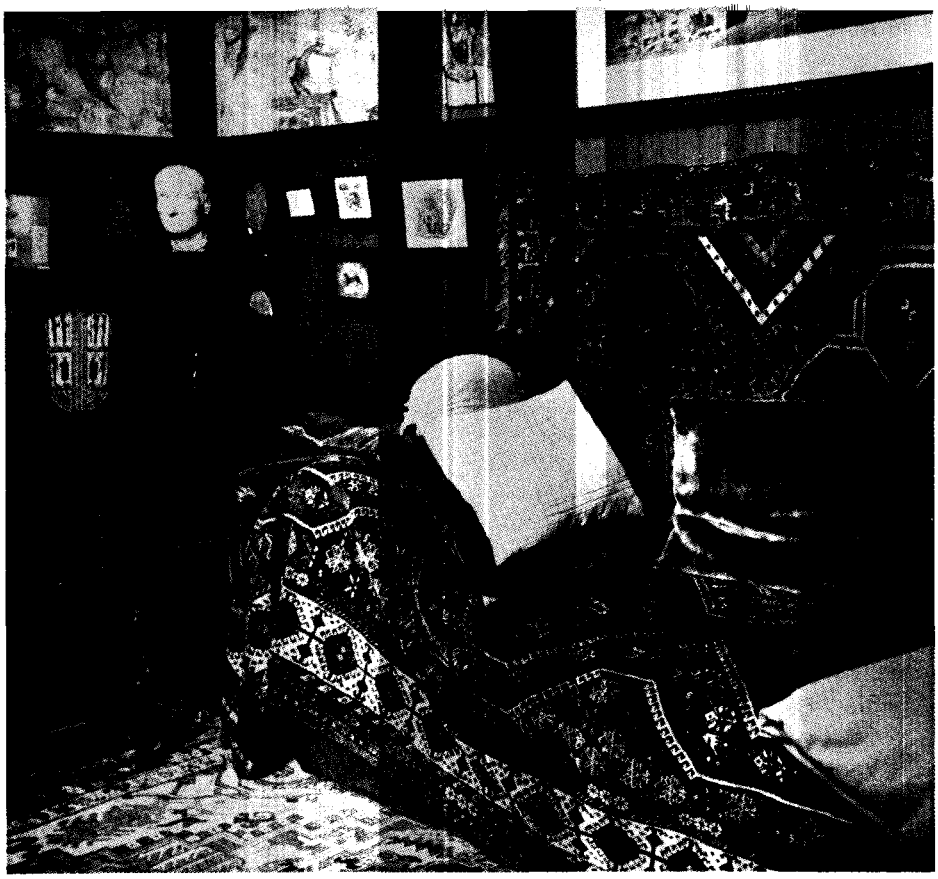


Edmund Engelman from *Berggasse 19*

Corner of Freud's consulting room, 1938.

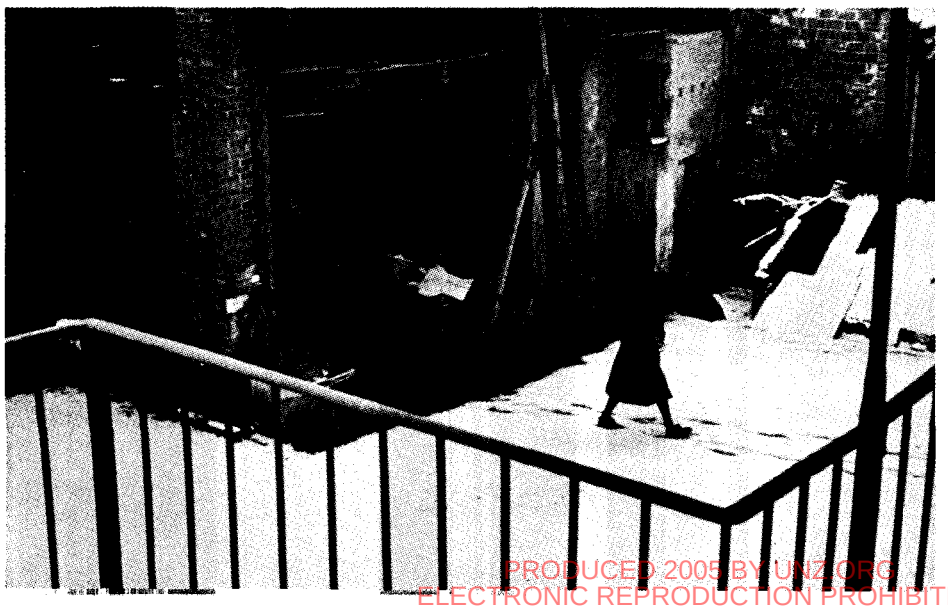
awe of virtually all of them." A response that many of the book's black-and-white and hand-tipped color plates evoke in the reader as well.

Letting his lens roam free as the white stallions and mares of the marshlands of southern France, Hans Silvester captures beauty and the beast in HORSES OF THE CAMARGUE (Viking, $27.50). His color photographs and text share the perceptions of one who is on intimate terms with both subject and locale. In long periods of patient observation over a five-year span, little escaped his camera's notice—whether the mood of the changing seasons or the life cycle that echoes them. His is an ardent plea for the preservation of what remains of the Camargue's virgin landscape if its wild creatures are to survive "civilization."

The Camargue was only one of the regions Dennis Stock's camera explored during his 30,000-mile tour of the Continent. In THIS LAND OF EUROPE (Kodansha, $25), the variety of landscape pictured is as wide as the spectrum of topics in the essays Stock's color folios illustrate. But the photographer is equal to the demands of H. R. Trevor-Roper, Konrad Lorenz, et al. He lists among his equipment: one camper, three Olympus cameras, Ektachrome-X, and a lot of patience. All were used to good purpose.

Settimo Rottaro, Italy, January, 1972.

Thomas Alcorn from *Thomas Alcorn Photographs*



Another rugged traveler, Leni Riefenstahl returned to the site and subject of her previous book, *The Last of the Nuba.* Four grueling months in the Sudan among one of the region's more hostile primitive tribes resulted in the stunning all-color reportage for PEOPLE OF KAU (Harper & Row, $25). With telephoto lenses and motorized Leicaflexes, she was able to catch action shots of the ritual dances of love and the knife-fights indigenous to the region, as well as strong portraits that show in sharp detail the intricate designs masking the faces. Reading her body-painted and tattooed subjects as "animated Picassos," Riefenstahl has fashioned an animated, colorful document of traditions "destined to become extinct within a generation."

Those who prefer the posh to the primitive can take to their Barcaloungers or Boeings with A DIFFERENT WORLD, by Christopher Matthew and *Time-Life-People* photographer Ben Martin (Two Continents, $19.95). This is a *Grand Hotel* of grand hotels—fifty-two of the world's finest over the years—each one eyewitnessed by the camera for a character study of its unique attributes. An amalgam of fact and anecdote, food, faces, and façades, the book is a likely candidate for two tables—coffee and bedside.

Instead of places to go, there's A PLACE TO BEGIN (Sierra Club Books, $14.95), a reminiscent account of Yankee heritage and the relationship between man and land that defines the tried-and-true New Englander. Author Hal Borland and photographer B. A. King (once outlanders from Colorado and Canada, respectively) have weathered enough Northeastern winters and absorbed enough local lore and natural history to qualify as "native" guides. The camerawork? Simple statements—but spoken like a real Yankee.

American Indian heritage and collectors' interest in Edward Curtis's books and portfolios are both served by EDWARD SHERIFF CURTIS: VISIONS OF A VANISHING RACE, a photobiography by his daughter Florence Curtis Graybill and Victor Boesen (Crowell, $29.95 until December 25, 1976; $35 thereafter). A more intimate study of the visual anthropologist's life than we have had before, the text supplies a fine frame for the prints—150 chosen from several thousand that were published in his twenty-volume opus,

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The North American Indian (1904–27).

Pioneer photographers, of special interest to collectors and students, are the subject of a pair of noteworthy monographs (both from Godine, $27.50 each). ROGER FENTON OF CRIMBLE HALL, by John Hannavy, drawing upon the recently rediscovered Stonyhurst Collection and upon the Royal Library archive at Windsor Castle, puts Fenton in a new perspective. A solicitor by profession and a photographer for only eleven years of his life, he achieved his place in photo-history solely on his 360 pictures of the Crimean War. Seen in wide-angle view, he surfaces as a general practitioner with thousands of commissioned architectural studies, landscapes, and royal-family portraits to his credit. In THE SPIRIT OF FACT, Robert Sobieszek and Odette Appel team their research talents to focus on two of America's earliest image-makers. The daguerreotypists Southworth and Hawes, whose Boston studio flourished between 1843 and 1862, have impressive credits: portraits of contemporary literary and political luminaries; historic cityscapes; documentation of museum art, natural wonders, and even the first ether surgery, at Massachusetts General Hospital, in 1846.

Famous present-day sitters are revisited in album collections, too. In KARSH PORTRAITS (Little, Brown/New York Graphic Society, $24.95), Yousuf Karsh recalls about fifty noted "greats" in likenesses that put their best faces forward. PORTRAITS, by Richard Avedon (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $25), is an unvarnished *Vogue*'s gallery of images that let the chips of public- and self-image fall where they may. Both albums are a reminder that "likeness" lies in the eye of the lensman.

One last item for and of remembrance: THOMAS ALCORN PHOTOGRAPHS (Rizzoli International, $8.95), an album compiled by artist John Alcorn in memory of his teenage son. The boy's impressions of his travels in Italy and France reflect an intinctive photographer's eye—a gift of seeing that knows no season or age.

EDITOR'S NOTE: One book not ready in time to meet *SR*'s press deadline is being awaited with interest on all counts: the stature of the photographer, the authority of the critic, and the superior quality of the publisher's production. It is HARRY CALLAHAN (Aperture/MOMA, $20), a review of a forty-year career by John Szarkowski, with 130 prints from the Callahan retrospective on view at The Museum of Modern Art, December 2 to February 6. ◉

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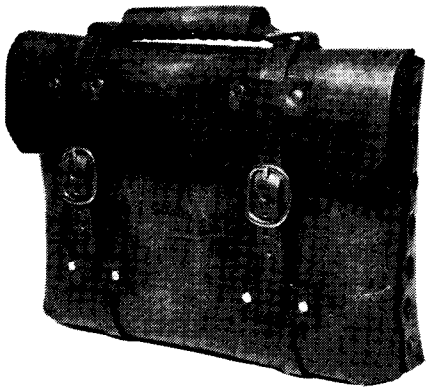

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Children's Books: The Best of the Season

by William Cole

CERTAIN subjects seem to pop up again and again in children's books. Dinosaurs, horses, and magic journeys are always with us. But why is there such a barrage of bears this season? I ask you: *The Bear and the Fly*; *The Bear at the Hunter's Ball*; *I Sure Am Glad to See You, Blackboard Bear*; *Willy Bear*; *Bear by Himself*; *My Teddy Bear*; *Hound and Bear*; *Bearymore*; *Bruno Bear's Bedtime Book; Two Greedy Bears*. There are even a couple of books whose heroes are bears: *The Most Delicious Camping Trip Ever* and *Two Is Company*. Sounds like some kind of a consbearacy.

Please bear in mind (Uh, oh, I can't stop!) that of the hundreds of books published this fall, the following are the ones I think worth singling out for mention. I wish I could go on at greater length about each one.

For Older Children (Roughly 8–11)

As I Walked Out One Evening: A Book of Ballads, selected by Helen Plotz (Greenwillow, $7.95). A skilled anthologist gives us a broad range from John Betjeman's "The Arrest of Oscar Wilde at the Cadogan Hotel" to the traditional "The Mousie's Courting Song." Footnotes where necessary.

The Young United States, *Colonial Living*, *Colonial Craftsmen*, and *Frontier Living*. Books written and illustrated by Edwin Tunis (Crowell, $9.95 each). Large-format reissues, in uniform editions, of books that had been produced by different publishers. Meticulous drawings and generous text tell everything a child could want to know about the way of life in early America.

Gudgekin the Thistle Girl, by John Gardner; illustrations by Michael Sporn (Knopf, $4.95). Modern, hip fairy tales —eerie, inventive, funny. At the ball, when the prince asks the heroine what her name is, she replies, "Gudgekin." " 'Listen,' said the prince with a laugh. 'I'm serious. What is it really?' "

Street Games, by Alan Milberg (McGraw-Hill, paper, $7.95). More than I believed it possible to say on the subject. Origins, rules, lore, records, photographs, and old prints of games ranging from thumb wrestling to ring olivio. Statements by Norman Mailer, Gene Kelly, and Linus Pauling about *their* childhood games. A bargain.

Nightmares: Poems to Trouble Your Sleep, by Jack Prelutsky; illustrations by Arnold Lobel (Greenwillow, $6.95). Skillful poems about ogres, werewolves, and such that could send impressionable kids from the room screaming in terror. (But they like this kind of thing.)

A Very Young Dancer, by Jill Krementz (Knopf, $8.95). Ten-year-old Stephanie wants to dance in the New York City Ballet's *Nutcracker*, and, by golly, she does. Jill Krementz and her famous camera followed her to school one day—and many thereafter. Miss Krementz gives an interesting inside view of how a little ballerina gets started. A book every young dance student will want to have.

Arnold Roth's Crazy Book of Science (Grossett & Dunlap, paper, $2.95). Straight facts and absolutely ridiculous drawings about mathematics, chemistry, electricity, weather, and like that. The drawing of a frog under the word "mitosis" shows the frog yelling, "Help! Help! My toes is stuck together!" Another place, a man tells Louis Pasteur, "Je feel terrible," and the great man replies, "No wonder! Zere is a germ on votre tie!" "Zany" is the word, or one of them, for it. The same inspired author-illustrator also gives us *A Comick Book of Pets* (Scribner's, $6.95), which is every bit as ludicrous.

The Kids' Money-Making Book, by Jim and Jean Young (Doubleday, $5.95). A couple of these books appear each season, and as a father I'm in favor of them; but I have yet to see any cash. This is a lively one, explaining how to go about raising worms, walking dogs, embroidering clothes, etc.

A Farm, by Lennart Rudström; paintings by Carl Larsson (Putnam's, $6.95). A companion volume to the famous Swedish painter's *A Home*. In a large format, this gives us interesting text and delicate, detailed paintings of day-to-day life on a Swedish farm in the 1890s.

Underground, by David Macaulay (Houghton Mifflin, $8.95). A follow-up to his books, *Cathedral*, *City*, and *Pyramid*. Clear line drawings and explanatory captions about that mess of stuff under the city streets: drainage, telephone lines, foundations, sewers, etc. Nice places to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

Bees Can't Fly, But They Do: Things That Are Still a Mystery to Science, by David C. Knight; illustrations by Barbara Wolff

From *Ratsmagic*

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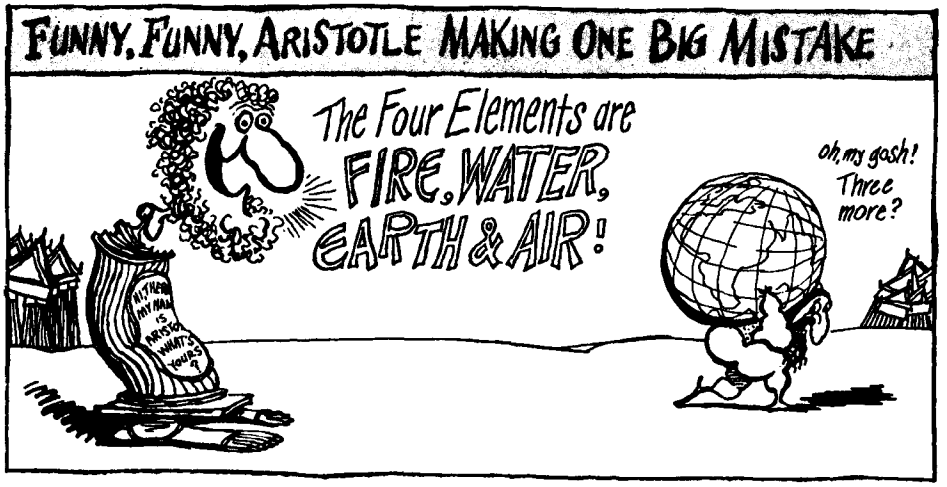


From *Arnold Roth's Crazy Book of Science*

(Macmillan, $6.95). According to aerodynamacists, a bee's body is too heavy and its wings too small for the insect to remain airborne for any length of time. Yet it does. And how about lemmings and dowsers and fire walkers? Impossible all. And yet . . .

World Within a World: Everglades, written and illustrated by Ted Lewin (Dodd Mead, $5.95). The anhinga, or snakebird, has impaled a large garfish on her long, pointed beak: "*Now* the show for which I have been waiting—the quick flip of the head; the fish somersaulting in the air; the deft catch, headfirst for easy swallowing!" A sample. We also have eagles and ospreys, snakes, crocodiles, pelicans, and other beautiful beasts.

The Bat, by Nina Leen (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95). Absolutely fascinating photographs of the little dears, the largest mammalian population, after rodents, on earth. We're told over and over again not to be afraid of them; the great nature photographer shows us how lovable they are. And, listen, there are no vampire bats in the United States!

Will You Sign Here, John Hancock?, by Jean Fritz; illustrations by Trina Schart Hyman (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $6.95). A straightforward biography of the rich Boston dandy with the gigantic signature. When he signed the Declaration of Independence he quipped, "There! George the Third can read *that* without his spectacles. Now he can double his reward for my head."

You Think Just Because You're Big You're Right, by Albert Cullum (Quist, Dial/Delacorte, $5.95). A repulsive book, beautifully illustrated in a reckless number of colors by some twenty-five artists, mostly French. Nasty things to show and tell about parenthood, psychologists, librarians, and adult hypocrisy, with snickers about adultery, masturbation, and exhibitionism. Guaranteed to frighten, confuse, and depress any child.

For Younger Children (Roughly 3–8)

The Amazing Bone, by William Steig (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95). America's leading cartoon genius writes and illustrates a sweet tale of Pearl Pig, who finds a talking bone on her way home from school. They meet a fox who isn't to be put off by a bone; he wants to eat Pearl up (and who wouldn't?). The colors are delicious, and Pearl is adorable. A total success.

Minnie Maloney & Macaroni, by Mark Alan Stamaty (Dial, $4.95). Does it bring good luck to buy seven boxes of macaroni every day? It did for Minnie, most of her life, until . . . until . . . ah, I won't say. Very funny pictures, including some of Stamaty's specialties: the grocer who wears a fish tucked behind his ear and stocks his shelves with such products as olive soda, sugar onion flakes, neck soap, hand soap, and toe soap. Also note that his classic, *Who Needs Donuts?*, is now out in paperback for $1.75. You'll love it!

The Bear and the Fly, by Paula Winter (Crown, $4.95). No words, just a fly buzzing around a bear family at dinner. Leafing through, I said to myself, "This is too trivial." But I found I was smiling. What better test?

Frog and Toad All Year, by Arnold Lobel (Harper & Row, $3.95). Five funny adventures of a couple of silly fellows, Frog (green) and Toad (brown). The domestic and woodland surroundings are fun, and I admire Frog's natty sports jacket.

George and Martha Rise and Shine, by James Marshall (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95). Third book about G. and M., who seem to be a courting couple. They *are*, I know, hippopotamuses. They go on a picnic, look through a microscope, go to a scary movie. In their own way, they're lovable and cuddly.

Mr. and Mrs. Pig's Evening Out, by Mary Rayner (Atheneum, $7.95). The parents hire a babysitter for their ten piglets, among whom are Hilary, Byrony, and Garth. The sitter is a Mrs. Wolf. *I* would have been suspicious, especially after seeing her teeth and her bushy tail. Lively color, lots of action and humor.

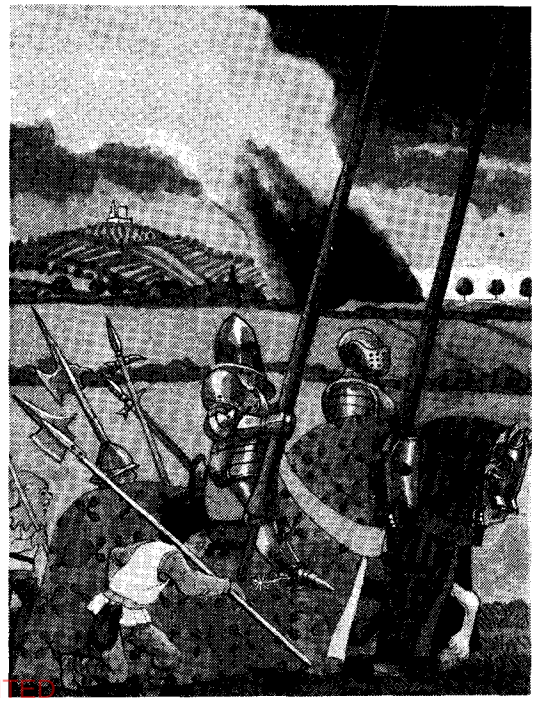
I Know! A Riddle Book, by Jane Sarnoff and Reynolds Ruffins (Scribner's, $6.95). The best of the three riddle books put out this season. Neat little square format, lively full-color illustrations. "Do fish perspire?" "Sure, that's what makes the sea salty."

Billy Learns Karate, by Bernard Wiseman (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95). Big kids keep beating Billy up, so he goes to karate school—and he's only a little slip of a thing. Clear, lively pictures of the procedures. He ends up a blue belt, so watch out!

Kickle Snifters and Other Fearsome Critters, by Alvin Schwartz; illustrations by Glen Rounds (Lippincott, $6.95). Made-up animals from American folklore: the goofus bird, which flies backward; the hugag, which has no knees; the windigo (where have I heard that word?); and the hoop snake, which rolls like a hoop. All thoroughly documented with notes, sources, and bibliography. Marvelous imaginative drawings.

Merry Ever After, by Joe Lasker (Viking, $7.95). The detailed, full-color illustrations are the thing here. Set in medieval

From *Merry Ever After*



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Europe, the story tells of the arranged marriage of Anne and Gilbert and, coincidentally, of the marriage of the rather coarser-looking Martha and Simon. The first couple were very rich; the second, peasants. The color jumps out of the pages.

The Great Green Turkey Creek Monster, by James Flora (Margaret K. McElderry/Atheneum, $6.95). This is the funniest book of the season. A giant hooligan vine runs amok in Turkey Creek, smothering houses, frightening people, and being generally mischievous. He drops a skunk in Mrs. Grogan's bathwater, paints "ha ha" all over the police station. " 'It locked the principal in the girls' room *and he isn't a girl*,' " as Mrs. Flora puts it. A small boy, natch, is instrumental in getting rid of it.

Horseshoe Harry and the Whale, by Adèle de Leeuw; illustrated by Quentin Blake (Parents', $5.50). Here's a cowboy shanghaied aboard a whaler whose captain plays the bassoon. Harry finds a new way to catch whales, so it comes out all right. . . . Hey! What about the poor whales?

My Teddy Bear, by Chiyoko Nakatani (Crowell, $5.50). For two- or three-year-olds, delicate colored drawings of a faintly Japanese-looking little boy and his giant teddy bear. No story, just bear-and-boy activities. Sweet.

You Can't Catch Me, by Joan Kahn; illustrated by Elizabeth Bridgman (Harper & Row, $4.95). For the very littles again. Jolly rhyme about the boy in astronaut helmet who's faster'n *any*body and tells them so.

Eric Carle's Storybook, retold and illustrated by Eric Carle (Watts, $4.95). The best buy of the season. Seven tales from the brothers Grimm; and grim and grisly most are—even the full-color collage and paintings. I love children's books in which the people and surroundings look as dirty as they are in real life, and in which the author isn't afraid to have a frightened man shout, "Oh my God!"

How to Turn Lemons into Money: A Child's Guide to Economics, by Louise Armstrong; illustrations by Bill Basso (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $4.95 cloth; $1.75 paper). Icky drawings, straightforward text explaining how running a lemonade stand clarifies economics. "What you spend is your ORIGINAL INVESTMENT," and "The juicer is MECHANIZATION." Like that.

From *The Amazing Bone*

Ratsmagic, by Christopher Logue; illustrated by Wayne Anderson (Pantheon, $5.95). Kindly-looking witch steals bluebird; she wants her egg. Hero Rat (unusual) knows magic and rescues bird. Egg has *very* surprising contents. Rich, rich. The full-page illustrations, throbbing with color, are full of oddities and surprises. The most handsome book of the season.

The Wind in the Willows Coloring Book. Illustrations by Dominique Michele Strandquest (Dover, $1.50). It took some nerve to draw pictures for Kenneth Grahame's classic. After all, Ernest Shepard did a pretty good job of it first time around. But Miss Strandquest is a superb illustrator of children's books, and we can forgive her, for her pictures have life and imagination. The text, excerpting "Toad's Adventures," is an abridgment.

A Button in Her Ear, by Ada B. Litchfield; illustrations by Eleanor Mill (Whitman, $4.25). You must admit children's books cover a lot of ground. This one is about little Angela, who tends to deafness, and about how the doctor finds out, how she's fitted with a hearing aid, how she demonstrates it to the other kids in her class.

Sharks, by Ann McGovern; illustrations by Murray Tinkelman (Four Winds/Scholastic, $5.95). Shark books have been big for the past two years. This is a fine, informative book with a question-and-answer format and hair-raising illustrations. Did you know that the smallest shark can fit in the palm of your hand (and is a *tsuranagakobitozame*—it's Japanese)? That sharks have "pups"? Sometimes a hundred?

Djugurba: Tales from the Spirit Time (Indiana University Press, $6.95). That's "jook-urr-pa," and they're Australian aboriginal myths, set down and illustrated by a group of Abo students, with such titles as "How the Kangaroo Got His Tail" and "The Old Dingo Who Had Six Wives." Fine color pictures. A valuable folklore book.

A Foal Is Born, by Hans-Heinrich Isenbart; photos by Hanns-Jörg Anders (Putnam's, $5.95). Like it says. You actually do see the birth itself and the spindly little colt. Fascinating.

The Beaver: How He Works, by Glen Rounds (Holiday, $4.95). Clever little fellows. Children will love the line drawings of the busy beasts at work building their mound houses, damming streams sleeping the winter away.

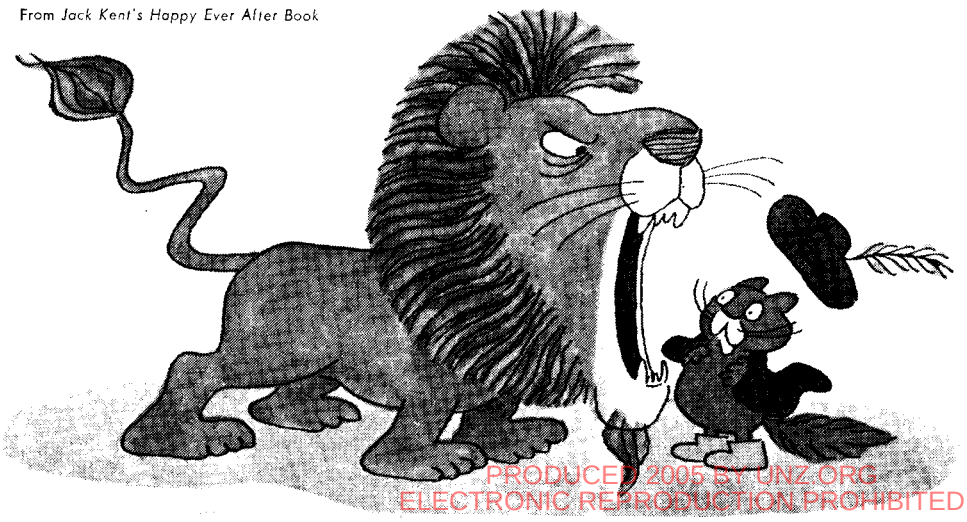
The Accident, by Carol Carrick; illustrations by Donald Carrick (Seabury, $6.95) A pickup truck kills Christopher's dog Bodger. Kid reacts in anger and great sorrow but adjusts finally. The illustrations of people and woodsy country are first-class

Squirrel's Song, by Diane Wolkstein; illustrations by Lillian Hoban (Knopf, $5.95) A Hopi-Indian tale. Squirrel and Chipmunk steal the Hopi's peaches, but they're too quick for the Indian to catch them The author is a professional storyteller and this, with its sound effects and little poems, is best read out loud.

Everyone Knows What a Dragon Looks Like, by Jay Williams; illustrations by Mercer Mayer (Four Winds/Scholastic $7.95). Small Chinese boy is the only one who believes the little, bald, fat man is a dragon in disguise. But he shows 'em. The full-page, richly colored illustrations show lots of action and face-making.

Jack Kent's Happy-Ever-After Book (Random House, $4.95). Five famous fairy tales retold and illustrated with joyous very funny cartoon-style drawings. You'll laugh—I guarantee it. ◉

From *Jack Kent's Happy Ever After Book*



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Artsletter

THE EGYPTIAN CONNECTION

The exhibition of treasures from Tutankhamen's tomb, which has just opened at the National Gallery in Washington, will undoubtedly attract more viewers during its two-year tour of this country than any other art show in history. Interest in Egyptian antiquities has been mounting rapidly in recent years. According to a survey carried out by the Metropolitan Museum, visitors now rank the Egyptian collection second only to European paintings among the things they most want to see.

Besides giving Americans a once-in-a-lifetime chance to see the Tutankhamen treasures, the traveling show will raise much-needed funds for renovating the Cairo Museum, where the entire collection of material from the tomb is housed. About $1.6 million is expected to come from admission fees and the sale of Tutankhamen reproductions; another $1 million has been pledged by an anonymous donor (rumored to be Mrs. Lila Acheson Wallace, co-founder of the Reader's Digest). With these funds the Cairo Museum will get electrical lighting and a proper fire-control system for the first time, as well as reconstructed galleries for the Tutankhamen collection. There is also talk of building a new museum near the Pyramids, at Giza, for other Egyptian treasures. Its cost, estimated at $4 million, would be met in part by extending the current Tutankhamen tour to Western Europe. An American foundation, also anonymous, has pledged a grant of $750,000 to $1 million for the proposed museum at Giza. No word yet from Saudi Arabia or Kuwait.

Meanwhile, the Metropolitan Museum in New York is reinstalling its own Egyptian collection, much of which has never before been on public view. The refurbished galleries (made possible by a gift from Mrs. Wallace) will display the museum's approximately 45,000 objects in chronological sequence, from prehistoric times down through the Byzantine occupation. Instead of segregating bits and pieces in small tabletop cases, all the materials from a certain epoch are grouped together in large floor-to-ceiling cabinets. "The collection has a lot of objects from daily life," explains the Met's director, Thomas Hoving, "and the problem was to integrate them." Most observers seem agreed that the integration has been skillfully and effectively accomplished.

Phase One of the reinstallation was opened last month. It runs from Paleolithic Egypt through the Eleventh Dynasty (1991 B.C.) and from the Thirtieth Dynasty through the Coptic period (380 B.C.–A.D. 641). Galleries covering the years in between will open next year. The present gap in the museum's chronological display serves to emphasize the remarkable continuity of Egyptian art. It's hard to believe that sixteen centuries separate the material in one gallery from that in the next.

TAX TROUBLES

The arts didn't fare too well in the Tax Reform Bill of 1976, recently signed into law. A Senate amendment to encourage artists to donate their works to museums was thrown out at the last minute due to non-support in the House. The lamented Javits amendment would have given artists a tax credit equal to 30 percent of the fair market value of donated works. The demise of this amendment will harm museums more than artists; donations of artworks on which they had been counting will now be postponed sine die.

The tax bill also puts restrictions on deductions that artists, writers, and musicians have been taking for rent and other expenses attributable to a studio at home. The new provision says that "such deductions will be allowed only when part of the home is used exclusively and regularly as the taxpayer's principal place of business." That would seem to rule out most workers in the arts, whose income from artistic activities is usually secondary to that from jobs as teachers, etc. Last February, the National Council on the Arts protested the discriminatory effect of this provision. Senator Russell Long, chairman of the Committee on Finance, replied: "Where an income-producing secondary occupation is conducted in the home office, such as writing textbooks, painting, giving private music lessons, etc., a deduction to the extent of the income produced by that activity would be allowed." Unfortunately, his assurance was not spelled out in the report accompanying the legislation. Robert Wade, general counsel, National Endowment for the Arts, says that the chairman's letter to the National Council "must be read as supplementing the legislative history of this provision." But no one yet knows how the IRS is going to interpret it. —ROLAND GELATT

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New (Mark II) Avery Fisher Hall, Mahler Marathon, Opera at the Met

by Irving Kolodin

NEW concert halls share some characteristics with new friends in being easier to like than to love. At a cost of nearly $6 million (and nearly 100 seats of prior capacity), Lincoln Center now has a concert hall decidedly superior to the bygone Philharmonic, bringing to a total of two the number of major auditoriums suitable to New York's size and its musical pretensions. Number one is still the one named after Andrew Carnegie, not Avery Fisher. But the old dowager queen of Fifty-seventh Street now has a much more respectable stepsister than its misbegotten predecessor.

These comments are addressed primarily to the qualities of Avery Fisher Hall as a home for the music making of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Visually, the new box within a box (the old exterior remains as it was) is a shade more sightly than its predecessor. For me, the new interior, designed by Philip Johnson and John Burgee, ends up more garish than gay, with its rows of amber bulbs from stern to stem of the severely rectangular balconies (on three tiers).

From the first sound of the opening measures of the national anthem, conducted by Pierre Boulez, the key word for the surrounding space had to be "brilliant!" It is, unquestionably, a hall that speaks for itself, cleanly, clearly, above all, truly. From the lowest contrabassoon to the highest piccolo, a precise value reaches the ear with the immediacy described in tonal terms as "presence." There was no perceptible attenuation of quality in the two movements of Mahler's Ninth Symphony (the scherzo and final variations) or the excerpts from Stravinsky's *Firebird* ballet, both heard at a preview to which the press was invited.

What did not reach the ear, however, was the sheen, the shimmer, the totally homogeneous resonance which makes music the language of magic. Boulez, to be sure, is a man with an X-ray mind rather than the soul of a poet; another conductor might achieve another kind of tonal spectrum. But at the following evening's "gala," the superior violin sound of Nathan Milstein was merely displayed to the ear rather than conveyed to it on a cushion of air and rear resonance typical of the world's best halls. Milstein's playing of the Brahms concerto was well below his former standard, with slurs and missed passages, and a tonal output less majestic than at the height of his long career. But even when a clarinet was distinctly audible in the background, the solo violin at the front of the stage did not blend with it as it should have.

Cyril Harris can be commended for designing a good and perhaps even what with usage may come to be called a fine hall. But a great one? Not to these ears. A good hall can be achieved by intelligent design, the use of time-tested materials—wood and plaster, which this one has in abundance—and a maximum of painstaking follow-through. A great hall requires not only all of the foregoing but such intangibles as luck and a merger of music and matter that comes to possess a beauty all its own. Thanks to the generosity of Avery Fisher—who may be described as a rich man with a good ear—the Philharmonic now has a hall its public can live with, the orchestra can live in, and eventually, both may even learn to love.

Avery Fisher Hall—"Speaks for itself, cleanly, clearly, above all, truly."

Bob Serating

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THE response of the New York public to the Philharmonic's Mahlerfest was, to say the least, extraordinary. It's first opportunity ever to hear all nine symphonies within a month's time brought capacity audiences to Carnegie Hall on nearly every occasion, and several of the programs (especially the one that offered the infrequently heard Symphony No. 8) could have been repeated. Three different conductors took part, and in this usage "different" means unlike as well as non-identical. As a result, the likeness of Mahler varied from week to week.

At the outset, Erich Leinsdorf presented a sober-visaged Mahler, as reflected in the Symphony No. 5. It was a wholly professional response to a professional problem. I would have preferred something more anguished in movement one—a deeper, more personal "down," from which the surge of exuberance in the finale (written after Mahler met and married Alma Schindler) would be an even more exceptional "high." Such a temperamental matter aside, Leinsdorf's conception had proportion, as well as clarity; scrupulous detail, as well as total shape.

To James Levine, Mahler was the subject for a Toulouse-Lautrec kind of brush work, with broadly contrasted colors expressed aurally from a tonal palette keyed to pianissimos and fortissimos. As the resulting sound pattern tended to resemble the one familiar from the conductor's treatment, in the opera house, of Verdi

Puccini, and Strauss, the conclusion would have to be that the result related more to Levine than to Mahler. The test of lung power Levine posed to a huge chorus three hundred voices) in the Eighth Symphony was more productive of decibel output than of sound.

Indeed, it is doubtful if such established singers as Teresa Zylis-Gara (Gretchen), Lili Chookasian (Mulier Samaritana), and Donald McIntyre (Pater profundis) or such still striving-to-be-established colleagues as Kenneth Riegel (Doctor Marianus) and Carol Neblett (Magna Peccatrix) have previously been exposed to an evening of such stress and strain. Here and there, Levine showed a superior insight to the thematic crosscurrents and tonal cross-references with which the work abounds. As in the finale of Symphony No. 6, however, Levine's passion for dynamic extremes degraded the results for which he was striving.

The last three concerts were conducted by Pierre Boulez, whose regard for Mahler is as well known as his erratic way of expressing it. The first evening was devoted to the Seventh Symphony, perhaps the weakest of the nine, in which Boulez pulled his way from movement to movement, a noisy negation of the quality to be found in at least the two "Night Pieces." The more miraculous, then, was the next afternoon's version of the Ninth Symphony, which brought to a summation not only the best of Boulez but also the best of late Mahler. The first three movements were rich in dividends derived from Boulez's penetrating eye and exacting ear. Fascinating as it was, the projection lacked coherence, more the blueprint for a performance than the fulfillment of one. All this vanished, however, in Boulez's treatment of the great series of variations with which the work ends.

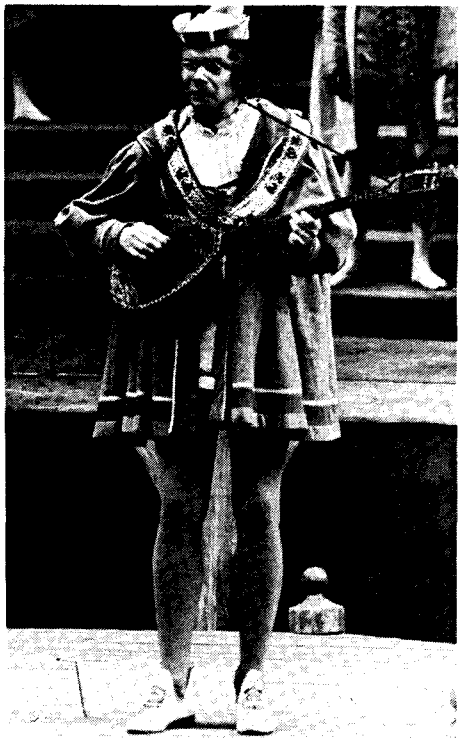
Regardless of other respects in which Boulez may be held to be deficient, he is acknowledged by all to have a phenomenal sense of pitch. This was the determining factor in the unremitting certainty with which he picked his way through a veritable minefield of chromatic changes and tonal shifts. The final pages, in which Mahler spins out his vision of a sunlit, celestial "someplace," were held in almost hypnotic restraint by Boulez. Such an accomplishment made the whole Mahler marathon memorable.

The early weeks of the Metropolitan Opera season have included a series of performances of *Il Trovatore* more like early-middle Verdi than any heard hereabouts in years. The first impulse would be to note the participation of Renata Scotto and Luciano Pavarotti and draw a likely, if inaccurate, conclusion. What they are capable of doing would not have fared nearly so well without the presence of La Scala's Gianandrea Gavazzeni, conducting for the first time at the Metropolitan.

His accomplishment related not so much to any inherent difficulty in *Il Trovatore* but to the presence of four singers not wholly suited to their roles yet possessed of vocal material from which an ensemble could be created. Gavazzeni's solution was to draw from each the most of what suited Verdi best. Thus the strong technic with which Scotto uses her good, but far from voluminous, sound made for a finely phrased Leonora, sung (as the professional phrase has it) "in her own voice" rather than in a distorted likeness of Leontyne Price's. This blended well with Pavarotti's emerging ability to darken his mid-range for the heroics required of Manrico while retaining the flexibility to sing a superb "*Ah sì ben mio.*" From Shirley Verrett, Gavazzeni extracted the most from her glowing upper register for Acts III and IV, after a poor pass, earlier, at "*Stride la vampa,*" for which she no longer has the low range for a complete Azucena. A stronger baritone sound than Matteo Manuguerra commands would have given Gavazzeni a card marked "*di Luna*" to complete his hand, but he drew resourcefully on the rich bass baritone of James Morris, as Ferrando, to fill out the ensembles and, in all, to make *Trovatore* what it too seldom is—an absorbing musical experience.

The promise of a complete, uncut version of *Die Meistersinger* has given this year's performances of Wagner's great score an interest possessed by none of the work in decades. Whether the promise is also the performance can be measured, score in hand, when the radio broadcast occurs on December 18. Certainly the first hearing offered areas of interesting matter not commonly heard, especially in the parts of David (well sung by Kenneth Riegel) and Hans Sachs (during his ruminations in Act II and in the workshop scene with Walther).

To cope with these additional elements, Thomas Stewart as Sachs had built up a tonal reserve to sing everything with more pith and definition of words than in prior years. His is basically a dry, unresonant sound, but if he avoids overloading it with such a role as Wotan, he can come closer to fulfilling his vision of Sachs as a worldly-wise, humane man evolving from an initially testy, ironic shoemaker-poet.



J. Heffernan

Dieter Weller—"Unconventional concept of Beckmesser."

Of the performers with whom Sachs has the most to do, Ellen Shade was a pretty, well-behaved, and small-voiced Eva, in her Met debut, and Peter Meven, from Düsseldorf, acted an engaging, sociable sort of Veit Pogner, with a voice inadequate for a theater of the Met's size. Gerd Brenneis, likewise short of vocal power, was Walther von Stolzing. Of outstanding quality was Dieter Weller, from Frankfurt by way of San Francisco, whose unconventional concept of Beckmesser contravened all precedents. Here was a town clerk young enough and presentable enough to qualify as a plausible candidate for marriage to Eva, rather than the usual middle-aged, starchy fellow animated by romantic delusions. Tall, well proportioned, with a light voice that comes clearly to the ear, Weller actually sang the travesty serenade of Act II in a way that carried conviction. His Third Act is not as carefully detailed as the earlier scenes, but it should, in a few years, be all of a decidedly uncommon piece. Sixten Ehrling will never be a persuasive conductor of Wagner until he develops greater flexibility and finds a glow of warmth in his musical nature. He did, however, stay the long course creditably and achieved one moment of splendor in the great "*Wach' auf*" chorus in Act III. ◉

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The Movies

Blacklisting, Battling, and Bernhardt

by Judith Crist

SMALL doubt that *Network* is the most important picture of the year, a stylish and star-studded entertainment whose significance is in its stunning perception of and passionate concern with the picture tube at the heart of the contemporary American malaise. It is that contemporary significance, much like *Nashville*'s, that is both its strength and its "controversial" aspect, with the unpleasant truths of our present our most tender sensibility.

But the past, untouched by nostalgic and sentimental longings for simplistic *temps passé,* is equally open to controversy. The current focus is on the blacklist and witch-hunt era of the late Forties and the Fifties, stimulated by Lillian Hellman's memoir *Scoundrel Time* and the Martin Ritt–Walter Bernstein film, *The Front.* Now a documentary, *Hollywood on Trial,* composed of historic film footage and present-day interviews with some of those involved, will add fuel to the charges of revisionism and the black-and-white polarized arguments that result from black-and-white theses. Unlike *The Front*—a very personal fact-based fiction about television blacklisting in the Fifties by a writer and director victimized thereby but able to see the humorous humanistic aspects with perspective on a tragic era—*Hollywood on Trial* presumes to documentary status. It is single-minded in its passionate view of good guys—primarily the Hollywood Ten, writers and directors convicted of contempt of Congress for refusing to answer questions about Communist Party membership—and of bad guys—primarily the Hollywood Establishment, the congressional investigators and the actors and film people who cooperated with them. It is, obviously, the work of young men: producer James C. Gutman and director David Helpern, Jr., both under thirty; and writer-interviewer Arnie Reisman, thirty-four; all in their childhood when blacklisting was in flower. They look back with a blazing sense of justice—combined, I must emphasize, with a mastery of film technique—and with, therefore, a willingness to accept surface truths. They are simply too young, too new to history. They lack the probing and cosmopolitan awareness of, say, a Marcel Ophuls, so that the political, moral, and ethical issues of the past have no pat answers, and one must go beyond the protagonists to gain the mood of an era. As a result, the film unwittingly leaves it to Ronald Reagan, presumably a bad guy, to make the pragmatic references to the eternal verity of venality as the moving ethic of Hollywood, of its responsiveness to the twelve-year-old mentality it perpetually proposed to serve.

Accepting the document, then, as understandably unsophisticated (not literally black and white, since the present-day footage is in glowing color), one can appreciate the film's virtues: the presentation of personalities, ranging from the open charm of Millard Lampell to the conscious cynicism and wit of the late Dalton Trumbo; the freak-show aspects of the House Un-American Activities Committee performances; reminders, all too fleeting but present, of the transient personality of the U.S. Supreme Court, of the cyclical shift from radical chic to conservative chic (and back, these days, to the former), and certainly of the innocent victims of temporal affairs. Accepted as a frankly one-sided view of a troubled and dangerous time, *Hollywood on Trial* should serve as a stimulant to reconsideration of an era that is as unforgettable as it is distasteful. Its flaw is its simplistic approach, all too clear in the jejune commentary voiced by the venerable John Huston, an approach that's all too acceptable, even to young adults for whom the twentieth-century past is a pop-culture blur.

THE pop-culture present is exploited to excellent effect in *Rocky*, a delightful human comedy that will undoubtedly wind up as the sleeper of this movie year. Very much a latter-day *Marty* in its romantic story of two "losers," it is a strong, unsentimental, and deeply stirring affirmation of human aspiration, of strength of character, and of simple decency. And it is a very personal film, written out of picaresque youth by thirty-year-old Sylvester Stallone, a triple-talent who serves as star and boxing choreographer as well. It is brought to gritty screen reality by

FREE THE HO
DALTON TRUMBO IS GOING TO JAIL FREE THE HOLLYWOOD 10
ADRIAN SCOTT IS GOING TO JAIL FREE THE HOLLYWOOD 10
ALVAH BESSIE IS GOING TO JAIL FREE THE HOLLYWOOD 10
THE HOLLYWOOD TEN

Hollywood on Trial—*"A blazing sense of justice and mastery of film technique."*

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Glenda Jackson as Sarah Bernhardt—"A woman liberated before her time."

director John Avildsen, whose credits include *Joe*, *Cry Uncle*, and *Save the Tiger*.

Stallone, whom you may recall as the big, dumb marriage patsy in *The Lords of Flatbush*, portrays, in the title role, a blue-collar Philadelphia slugger, a boxer who's all heart and no steam, a neighborhood loan shark's enforcer with more compassion than muscle, a man very much aware of his own limitations and of the possibilities of others. He is honest about himself—"I'm not graceful, but I can slug," he notes; his pride about his nose, unbroken after sixty-four fights; his acknowledgment that fighting is for morons. He is honest in his choice of a woman, the mousy, introverted sister of a loudmouthed pal—"We're a real couple of coconuts. I'm dumb and you're shy," he remarks, wooing her with awkward gallantry and disarming candor. Then lightning strikes: the Muhammad Ali–like heavyweight champion's scheduled Bicentennial exhibition bout with a moeval white contender falls through, and the "smart" decision is to stage it with not merely a local fighter but, better yet, with "The Italian Stallion," as Rocky bills himself. It's a $150,000 payday for Rocky, and the exploiters gather. But Rocky, with the emergent womanliness of his truelove to sustain him, keeps his unbright wits about him. It is not victory he's after but merely a chance to prove, for the first time in his life, that he isn't "just another bum from the neighborhood." And that chance comes in a tough, unpretty, and ferocious fight sequence that stands with the best of the genre in its intensity of physical force and in its suspenseful staging.

The characters are as penetrating as the Philadelphia street atmosphere, with Talia Shire, hitherto *The Godfather* sister, radiant in her flowering under the warmth of respectful love, a fitting complement to the emerging dignity of Stallone as a self-described "nobody" becoming an individual in his own eyes. Burt Young as the girl's pathetically brutish brother, Carl Weathers as the pragmatic champion, Joe Spinell as the tolerant loan shark, and, above all, Burgess Meredith, simply brilliant as a has-been manager determined to pass on the knowledge he won by losing, all stand out in the excellent cast. Packed with moments of comedy, perception, and sensitivity, *Rocky* is a sincere, rousing little film that raises the spirits and gladdens the heart.

For once a great actress has been assigned the film role of great actress—and it is Glenda Jackson's portrait of Bernhardt that makes *The Incredible Sarah* indeed the tale of a woman worthy of the legends surrounding her career. The screenplay, by Ruth Wolff, is admittedly "a free portrayal of events in her early tempestuous career," but the resultant film, richly produced by Helen M. Strauss and tightly directed by Richard Fleischer, is given total credibility. It takes the risks run by film biography and conquers all in the triumphant story of this "illegitimate half-Jewish daughter of a courtesan" who became the Divine Sarah, regarded as the world's leading actress in the course of a career that flowered in the mid-1870s in Paris and continued internationally until her death, at seventy-nine, in 1923. Freely associating fact with legend, the screenplay follows her from her triumphant audition with the Comédie Française and short tenure there in her teens to her early stardom. The film deals with her scandalous private life and international success, which alienated the French public, and then with her recapture of that public in her own theater.

It takes the remarkable Jackson, in bits and pieces of classical drama, to convince one of the power of the performer and make the legendary quality emerge therefrom. While the woman of whim and temperament and personal appetite is there, she is rounded out with the convictions of a woman liberated before her time and given quicksilver beauty that is so much Jackson's own and so becoming to Sarah. She gets good support from an outstanding British cast that includes Daniel Massey as the playwright Sardou, Douglas Wilmer as her first producer, John Castle as the husband she loved so foolishly. The result is romantic biography, all too rare these days in the lavishness of its production, and the convergence of an outstanding contemporary actress with a legend of greatness.

Other Movies

Alex & the Gypsy, derived by Lawrence B. Marcus from the novella *The Bail-bondsman*, by Stanley Elkin, and directed by the gifted John Korty, is a disappointment. Jack Lemmon as the cynical and eccentric bondsman and Genevieve Bujold as his erstwhile gypsy lover, jailed on a murder charge, give yeomanlike performances that are vitiated by the complexities and pointlessness of the story.

Keetje Tippel, a Dutch film based on the memoirs of Neel Doff, who earned a Nobel Prize nomination thereby, is so pretty in its costumes and sets of turn-of-the-century Amsterdam and in its heroine (played by fresh-faced Monique van de Ven) that it momentarily entraps one in its banal and barely credible rags-to-riches tale, which is generously laced with dollops of pseudo-sociology and soft-core sex. But the moment is fleeting. ◉

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Television

On Eric Sevareid and the Hounds of Gutenberg

by Karl E. Meyer

I AM not, I hope and believe, a masochist, in any abnormal sense. But I took a good deal of satisfaction in Eric Sevareid's kicking around of print journalists (*SR*, October 10). We all need a periodic thrashing, particularly the snapping curs among us who criticize television. I am grateful to Sevareid because I think he inadvertently made clear what the row is all about.

Critics are indeed insufferable. It is our job to find fault. In doing so, as Sevareid remarks, we affect the air of Renaissance men, equally at home in the arts and in politics, in news and in drama. To borrow a phrase from electronic journalism, we revel in instant analysis.

Moreover, as Sevareid suggests, we tend to adopt a highbrow stance in sniffing derisively at lowbrow network programming. We expect too much, Eric Sevareid cautions. We even think we should be able to settle in our armchair any night of the week and find something worth viewing.

Just so.

I plead guilty to believing that every night of the week there ought to be on one of the three networks an original drama or a lively documentary or even a prime-time interview program in which Eric Sevareid converses with a Walter Lippmann or an Eric Hoffer. This may seem reasonable to me. But by and large it is considered commercially intolerable by network programmers.

Now, quite plainly, commercial television is a business, and it has a bottom-line obligation to shareholders. The profits of television, which are high, do make possible news departments, which drain away money. As Sevareid usefully reminds us, this is commonly forgotten.

Where I think we differ is that Sevareid expects me to be grateful for a benefit granted, whereas I regard news programs as a fundamental obligation. Unlike magazines or newspapers, television is a licensed industry. In effect, broadcasters are given free use of a public resource—the airwaves—in return for meeting certain minimal public requirements.

A comparison with newspapers is highly pertinent. All newspapers are businesses, some of them big businesses. But the concern with profits is not the only consideration. Advertisements do not clog the front page. An op-ed page offers a forum for diverse views. And the readers are given a chance to talk back in a letters-to-the-editor column.

By contrast, television's front page, the evening news, is clogged with commercials. There is no real forum for such diverse voices as those of William F. Buckley, Jr., and Art Buchwald. And the very concept of a letters column—in which viewers could shout back—does not exist. (As to commercials, it is worth quoting the opinion of the CBS board chairman, William S. Paley, speaking in 1946: "The most persistently repeated charge against broadcasters is that we permit advertising excesses. Are we guilty? It is my opinion that we are, and I am sure that most broadcasters would agree.")

TO BE sure, we do from time to time get some excellent special programming on the networks. Sevareid rightly rebukes fault-finders for failing to plan ahead, as one does in buying theater tickets. But there is a fatal difference. In any large city, the ticket buyer will know that plays and concerts are nightly occurrences, not random and haphazard events.

The problem with planning television viewing is that quality programming *is* random and haphazard, meaning that it is difficult to develop a regular audience for a program at a predictable time. That such an audience can develop is proved by the robust ratings of "Sixty Minutes," the only documentary program with the luxury of a fixed weekly prime-time hour on any of the networks.

The reason why "Sixty Minutes" is so solitary is that network programmers feel that the documentary is death on Nielsen ratings. One weak link in the evening's schedule, so the gospel goes, will erode ratings for the shows that precede and follow it. So nearly everything has to be geared to what programmers feel is mass taste—see the schedule this season.

In fact, as the success of "Sixty Minutes" suggests, this is not necessarily so. Most attempts to upgrade programming quality have been resisted by the networks. For example, "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," now in its seventh season, won its enormous audience despite solemn fears that it was "too sophisticated" for a public bred on Lucille Ball.

I wish Eric Sevareid had alluded to some of these facts, because the paucity of self-criticism on television is almost as depressing as the lack of self-criticism among print journalists. We all live smugly in our glass houses. More's the pity, then—to take up a new and different point—that so well intended a film as *Network* fails to hit its target, or so I believe.

The acting and direction of *Network* are not this department's concern. The theme is. As written by Paddy Chayefsky, an old television hand, the script asks us to believe that a failing network, desperate for ratings, would put a half-berserk commentator on the air. I can accept that premise. But then we are asked to believe that this obviously demented prophet would set a whole nation screaming through windows at his command. Like the programmers the film professes to attack, *Network* seems to assume we are indeed a nation of fourteen-year-olds.

And yet . . . and yet, if network programming continues to be as mediocre as it now is, who knows what the future will hold? Our brains may all turn into bionic mush, and the republic may sink into the sea. I only hope that Eric Sevareid will be around to narrate the final hours, in his best apocalyptic manner. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 72

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 61.

OQR UFMR KA BPO FJ-
XFNA OP OQR AXKLO,
BPU OQR SFOOJR OP
OQR AOUPBD—SYO
OQFO'A OQR XFN OP
SRO. —UYBNPB

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Dance

Here, There, and Everywhere

by Walter Terry

Just forty years ago, I was engaged by a newspaper to be its first dance critic (I like to think now that I was a precocious nine-year-old). There were only three of us in America then, excepting reviewers for the small dance trade publications, and because of the limited number of dance events from 1936 to 1946 (although our new golden age of dance was at its inception), I tried to justify my pitifully small salary by reviewing almost anything that moved. Ballet engagements in New York in the Thirties totaled about six weeks a year (six weeks more than in the Twenties), and there were no modern dance seasons, only isolated recitals. I even reviewed the Copacabana girls (they danced in those days), and once I wrote about the drunken-sailor scene in the play *Mr. Roberts* and referred to its director, Joshua Logan, as "a clandestine choreographer," an appellation I was told he enjoyed heartily. Obviously, dance wasn't booming as it is today, but it was stirring with all the incredible energy of a newborn babe.

For many years now, so many dance events have taken place not only on and off Broadway but across the land that one person could not have possibly covered them all. For the *Boston Herald* during my first four years and for the *New York Herald Tribune* for the next twenty-six years, I tried vainly to find something to review every day. In the last years of the *Trib*, I (and an assistant) did in fact turn in daily dance reports. My ten years with *SR*, since it is not a daily, preclude such a schedule, so every now and again I have a backlog of performances I have seen and cannot possibly write about, individually, at length.

In brief, however, I'd like, for my anniversary-year column, to whisk through a fraction (and I mean a fraction) of that backlog, spanning eight or ten weeks. The variety and the geographic range (one of the joys of writing for an international magazine instead of for a newspaper) of this dance panorama is far more extensive than the miniature landscape with dancing figures that I watched forty years ago.

The link between summer and autumn dance seasons is usually the annual New York Dance Festival, given free to the public during the Labor Day period in Central Park's Delacorte Theater. Its range of styles was, as always, impressive, for it encompassed classical ballet, modern ballet, old-style modern dance, new style, rock, jazz, dances of social comment, comedy, ethnic forms, danced poems, improvisations, the avant-garde. The range in quality was, I think, broader than usual, with a good many of the offerings so amateurish or downright bad that more than once it passed my mind that the selection committee was holding open auditions instead of presenting a festival.

On the rather extensive debit side were *Split Rock*, with dreadful music (Jon Deak) and even worse choreography by Nancy Meehan, once a major dancer with Erick Hawkins (perhaps her brainless dance was a reaction to Hawkins's very cerebral approach); Maria Benitez, who managed, with the help of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, to drain the poetry from García Lorca and to make a *seguiriya* a bore; Frank Ohman's New York Dance Theater in Ohman's *Romanzen* (Brahms), very watery Balanchine; Kei Takei's Moving Earth, in *Light*, part five of a continuing series of twelve dances said to run seven hours (I found seven minutes rough going); Sara Rudner (from the Twyla Tharp group) and associates in *Wendy's Solution*, and if Tharp at her worst is a rip-off on public gullibility, Rudner's piece is a spin-off from a rip-off. Dances of sharp and biting social protest, at which Americans have long excelled, were not well served on this occasion by either Talley Beatty in *Pretty Is Skin Deep . . . Ugly Is to the Bone* or by Eleo Pomare in *Roots*, for they let spoken words dominate, instead of support, choreography.

But there also were fine moments at the Delacorte, among them the Theatre Dance Collection in Lynne Taylor's *Diary*, set to

Karen Steele and Michael Kelly Bruce, Repertory Dance Theater of Utah—"A sensitive work about human relationships."

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some marvelous songs by Judith Lander and performed delightfully by Lander as the singer-pianist and by Taylor and Don Lopez, who danced superbly, particularly in the closing "I Can't Let You Go"; the Ohio Ballet in a modest but most pleasant dance for four by Heinz Poll; lovely dancing by the beautiful Carmen De Lavallade; and some absolutely first-rate belly dancing by Anahid Sofian, who once sat quietly and without undulations as a secretary at *SR* and has since exchanged this sedentary tranquillity for mid-body fluidities, which she accomplishes with the elegance and classiness of the Mideast's now-legendary Badia, "Queen of the Music Halls." And there was more—good, bad, and middling—but I can say that also of my forty years' viewing.

The Repertory Dance Theater from Salt Lake City, Utah, received an unexpected publicity boost from Sister Colette Mahoney, president of Marymount College, who refused permission for the troupe to perform a dance of semi-nudity with faint lesbian overtones at Marymount's theater, where it had been booked. Naturally, larger than originally anticipated audiences turned up to see Lynne Wimmer's *Lost and Old Rivers* (to the Brahms "Liebeslieder" waltzes) at the Manhattan College Auditorium, where it had been forced to move. Audiences saw nothing shocking but, rather, a sensitive work about human relationships as captured by a gifted choreographer. The company itself, now ten years old, was brought into being by a Rockefeller Foundation grant and has always been directed by a committee. It has never had an artistic director. It needs one. The dancers are good. Some of the choreography is good (it has been better in the past, when it had Bill Evans and Tim Wengerd on tap), but it needs a sense of direction.

Marymount permitted the Jerry Ames Tap Dance Company to dance on the pleasant stage of the small and charming Manhattan Marymount Theater, and everything was as clean and as true as the Bobbsey Twins plus Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue, but it was a good show that Ames and his tapping assistants presented. It was all tap, but there was plenty of variety. After sitting through Jennifer Muller's interminable *Between Me and Other People There Is Always a Table and a Few Empty Chairs*, performed by the Utah visitors, and her equally interminable and just as dreary *Speeds* at the Delacorte, Ames and Company would be the best tonic possible.

At aristocratic Carnegie Hall, New Yorkers had an opportunity to savor the "Martial Arts of Kabuki," studies in the most elegant, refined, and carefully calculated gestures employed in rituals of conflict and contest. And at the big, popular Felt Forum, at Madison Square Garden, Amalia Hernandez's boisterous and rousing Ballet Folklorico de Mexico was on hand to give us a feast of Mexican dance styles, along with those "fiesta" numbers that prove that the phrase "a riot of color" probably originated in old Anáhuac.

Pittsburgh

IT IS always a pleasure to see the Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre, a non–New York troupe that proves that ballet in the provinces need not be provincial. The most recent bill of ballets was not the best I have seen here. Frederic Franklin's *Tribute* (to the Franck "Variations") is always a pleasurable opener, but the world premiere, John Butler's *Othello*, though lavishly produced, was disappointing in the extreme. I am a great admirer of Butler ballets, but his *Othello* (set to music of George Crumb's "Ancient Voices of Children") not only treads on the toes of José Limón but also treads dangerously often in the footsteps Limón choreographed for his own *Othello*-based work, *The Moor's Pavane*, a modern dance masterpiece. The Rouben Ter-Arutunian setting, handsome indeed, minimizes even more the ballet's weak and surprisingly (for the richly inventive Butler) thin patterns of dramatic action.

As for Nicolas Petrov's new *Maria Sabina*, silence would be kindest. The same holds true for its guest performer, Kaleria Fedicheva. Oblivion would be kinder yet. The Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre, young and vital, will survive. It has proved its high worth on other occasions.

Baltimore

THE Maryland Ballet, which recently came under the artistic direction of Kathleen Crofton, is a charming young company that is ambitious but not foolhardy. In a performance at Goucher College, I saw a very agreeable performance of John Tara's *Designs with Strings*, a somewhat bland but widely serviceable classical ballet for non-virtuosi, and a really distinguished performance (quite as good as New York's Joffrey Ballet provides) of Alvin Ailey's *Feast of Ashes* (based on Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba*), in which Maria Youskevitch was brilliant as the matriarch and Leslie Perrell most

Anahid Sofian—"Exchanged sedentary tranquillity for mid-body fluidities."

touching as the rebellious, romantic daughter. Simple (sometimes almost simpleminded) in its humor but agreeable was Fernand Nault's new *Try, Ready, Go*, a ballet about the casual warm-up, the rehearsal where things go awry, and the finished performance. I wouldn't let it stray too far from the ivied halls of Goucher. Special dividends were guest appearances by Helgi Tomasson (of the New York City Ballet) and Anna Aragno in two classical *pas de deux*.

London

CLOSING night of an engagement by the Martha Graham Dance Company, the first time in history a modern-dance troupe had performed at the prestigious Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was highlighted by the British audience's standing ovation for the eighty-two-year-old Graham, whose ancestors had left England for America in 1620. A triumphant "comeback," indeed!

Syracuse

I'VE just seen a workshop in which the dancers were computerized. Not now? Okay, I'll tell you about it another time. ◉

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Theater

A Multinational Jamboree of Theatrical Trend Setters

by Henry Popkin

A FLAMBOYANT feast of avant-garde theater was served up in Belgrade this fall under the aegis of an aging but still lively festival known as Theater of the Nations. For years this was an annual springtime event in Paris, a gathering of the theatrical clans that ran the gamut from Brecht's Berliner Ensemble to the Peking Opera. About a decade ago, Theater of the Nations went into a decline and briefly disappeared from view altogether. Now it has rejuvenated itself by going on the road. Last year, Theater of the Nations was held in Warsaw, and this year it ran for three astonishing weeks in Belgrade, where it was united for the occasion with that city's annual Bitef Festival of New Trends in Theater, now in its tenth year.

The big news was the presence of Moscow's Taganka Theater, which international festivals and canny impresarios have been passionately courting almost since its founding, in 1964. The who's who of the world theater has scrawled its homage on the wall of the director's office, but until very recently the Taganka was not permitted to travel abroad, perhaps because its style does not accord with the socialist realism to which the Soviets still pay lip service. The Taganka's director, Yuri Lyubimov, is a brilliant showman who employs all the arts of the theater—including music, dance, and ingenious lighting and scenic design—to illuminate texts that are generally of his own devising, based on fiction or poetry or world classics of drama. He detests naturalistic scenery, scenic divisions, and makeup on actors, and that sort of thinking can unhinge the tidy minds of cultural bureaucrats. Also, Lyubimov implies that he is critical of things as they are.

Henry Popkin, a professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo, is currently on leave, writing a book on contemporary theater through a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

The Taganka Theater's *Hamlet*, which won one of three equal prizes awarded at Belgrade, is certainly a brilliant and provocative re-creation. It is dominated by a curtain, a huge, thick hempen object that can take any position onstage. It helps to clear the stage, too, thereby eliminating conventional scenic breaks, but it has a symbolic function as well. The curtain seems to act as an accomplice of political oppression. When Claudius and Gertrude lean against it, it mysteriously gives them something to rest upon; it does no such favors for Hamlet. Behind this curtain Polonius eavesdrops and Claudius plots. The Taganka's *Hamlet* takes place in a contemporary world, where most of the men wear turtleneck sweaters. Hamlet himself carries a guitar and sings, appropriately because he is played by Vladimir Vysotsky, a popular balladeer. His foes are all external. Although Stanislavski's portrait hangs in the Taganka's lobby, beside Vakhtangov's, Meyerhold's, and Brecht's, Lyubimov shows little interest in Stanislavski's meticulous character analysis.

The Taganka *Hamlet* was accompanied by two plays that are politically safer—*The Dawns Are Quiet Here*, from a novel by Boris Vasilyev, and *Ten Days That Shook the World*, a colorful vision of the Russian Revolution inspired by John Reed's book. If *Hamlet* was dominated by a hempen curtain, *Dawns* is dominated by pieces of lumber. Some inexperienced girl soldiers and their hard-boiled sergeant major hunt Nazis, but the play's suspense has nothing to do with their mission. The real question is: what will Lyubimov do next with those boards? They start out as parts of a truck; then they conceal the girls as they shower and sunbathe. Stepping warily through a swamp, the girls tread them lumberjack-style. Becoming hysterical, one girl whirls around on a board. In a flashback, a board becomes the wall of another girl's apartment. At the end, when all the girls have been killed, each turns slowly on a board to music; a moment later, the boards are turning alone. *Ten Days* is "a popular entertainment" with singing, dancing, gunfire, and other diverting sights and sounds—a portrait of excitement and only incidentially of history.

Another of the prizes went to *The Ik*, performed by Peter Brook's International Center for Theatrical Research, based in Paris. Here the production and even the theater itself are stripped bare of theatrical devices. This is Grotowski's "poor theater" with a vengeance! The dramatization by Denis Cannan, Colin Higgins, and Colin Turnbull of Turnbull's *The Mountain People*, an anthropological study of a hard-pressed tribe in Uganda, needs a ruined theater like the torn-up playhouse in Paris where I saw it last year; the Yugoslavs compromised by giving Brook a theater under construction. The actors represent a diversity of origins, and some take more than one role; all convey the brutal reality of this tribe's wretched situ-

The Taganka Theater's Hamlet—*"A brilliant re-creation."* Sovfoto

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ation with laudable economy of word and gesture. Driven from their hunting grounds, the Ik are starving to death. As they struggle vainly to survive, they reveal the worst of human nature. Parents laugh when their children hurt themselves; a husband withholds medicine from his wife; anyone who finds food wolfs it down at once so that he will not be asked to share it. This terrifying play, which is currently touring American college campuses, is so simply done that it is utterly convincing.

Einstein on the Beach, which was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on November 21, won the third of the three prizes. This play, presented by the Byrd Hoffman Foundation, of New York, looks as complex as *The Ik* is simple. It is composed chiefly of images by Robert Wilson and music by Philip Glass, with a few spoken passages supplied by others. The authors mysteriously insist that they are not concerned with what the piece means but only with making it work. Nevertheless, they celebrate Albert Einstein, a great scientist, a lovable person, and a violinist by avocation. A man made up to resemble him occasionally comes onstage to play the violin, and Einstein's scientific endeavor is symbolized by great images of trains that give way to rocket ships, culminating in a dazzling vision of the interior of a rocket ship. Equally grandiose trial scenes beguile us with a homely touch now and then; nearly everyone in the courtroom eats lunch out of a brown bag. Why trials? Because, we are told, science is on trial. I would have preferred to see an image of Einstein as victim of injustice and champion of justice, but then meanings are not the authors' strong points.

IT WOULD be impossible to do justice in this brief report to every company that distinguished itself during the course of this theatrical jamboree. The exemplary production of *Waiting for Godot* at the Schiller Theater, of West Berlin, directed by the author, was admirable for its perfect balance between the two tramps—Vladimir: tall, lean, visionary, an ideal Don Quixote, "like a tree," in Beckett's concept; and Estragon: short, squat, cynical, "like a stone." It was gratifying to see how much the Russian visitors liked it. Lyubimov thought that Beckett's direction had given the play "more warmth and humanity." (More than what? More than he expected, I guess.) Incidentally, the Schiller's *Godot* is presently scheduled for a short run in New York beginning March 29.

The Bread and Puppet Theater of Vermont, scheduled too late to be eligible for a prize, won our hearts with what must surely be the most incompetent circus of all times. It made us receptive to something more poetic, the parable of an old white horse that dies and is resurrected.

In an "environmental" setting that permitted spectators to wander about and select what they wanted to see, London's Joint Stock Theatre Company created sympathetic portraits of some intrinsically obnoxious types; the play was *The Speakers*, adapted by William Gaskill and Max Stafford-Clark from Heathcote Williams's study of Hyde Park orators. The beautiful Nuria Espert led her Spanish company through a moving performance, danced nearly as much as it was acted, of Villa-Inclan's drama of passion, greed, and violence: *Divine Words*. And the National Theater of Iceland brought *Inuk*, a commendably unpretentious exposé of the corruption of Eskimo by civilization.

The concern of *The Ik* and *Inuk* with primitive peoples was echoed in two other productions. Eugenio Barba, a protégé of the Polish experimental director Jerzy Grotowski, directed his Odin Teatret of Denmark in a drama of mime, song, and scattered words (from *Romeo and Juliet* and other unlikely sources) that interpreted the cultural conflict between American Indians and their white enemies. From France, Patrice Chéreau brought Marivaux's *The Dispute* in a production muffled in shadow but nevertheless achieving moments of real intensity; its subject was two pairs of young people brought up in isolation from the civilized world but capable, as it turned out, of all the deceits and infidelities that polite society fosters.

The American Mabou Mines Company was apparently the victim of local circumstances that forced it to make great cuts in its show. The Poles offered a straightforward but commonplace drama, directed by Andrzej Wajda, vindicating Robespierre against Danton. And Peter Zadek's *Othello*, from Hamburg, which got laughs when Othello's black makeup came off on Desdemona, was evidently intended as an attack on the idea of playing Shakespeare.

All in all, the jamboree had a good batting average. The French were to play host to Theater of the Nations in 1977, but the new austerity program there may force a change of plans. Hamburg looks certain for 1978. ◉

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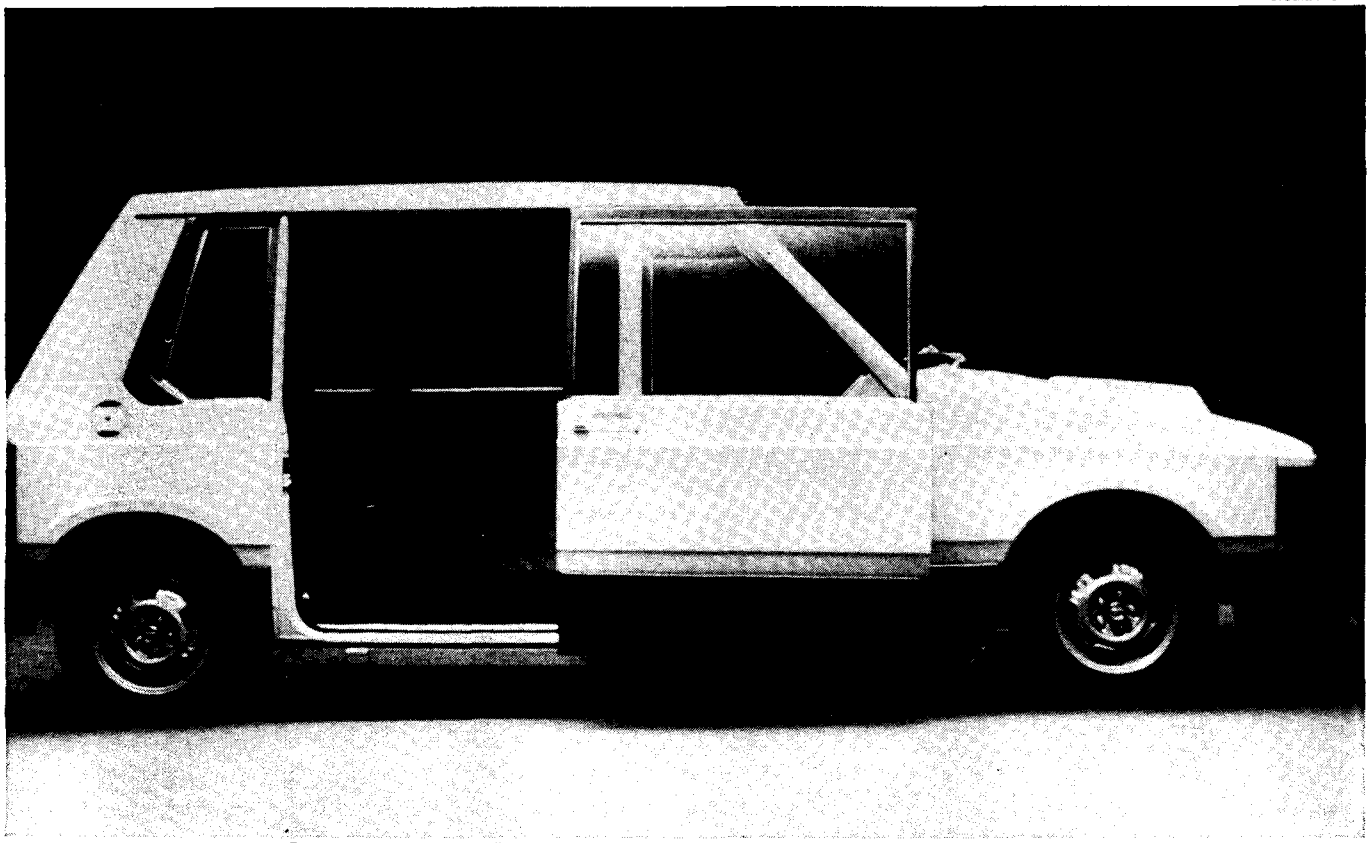
Credit: MOMA



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Sharing a common suspicion that the standard taxi is a spinoff on an original design by Torquemada, TIME Magazine recently hailed with enthusiasm a display, staged by New York's Museum of Modern Art, of what a taxi might be: safe, comfortable, economical and rational.

Not an earth-shaking issue, certainly. And visionary to a degree. But to the articulate and imaginative people who read TIME regularly, even pie in the sky is food for thought.

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A Seasoning of Cookbooks

by Horace Sutton

From The Complete Asian Cookbook

The character of cookbooks, like the appetites of Americans, is veering sharply, conditioned by wars, wanderlust, and the irrepressible waves of travelers who have spent the last three decades poking about in the world's backwaters. Is it possible we are rolling sushi in the same kitchen where apple pie was once the specialty? Is it not a wonder that the Robot Coupe, scaled down to a home-sized Cuisinart, has brought a status symbol to the border of the kitchen sink? To meet the shift, the style in kitchen books has headed into highly rarified realms. Here is CUISINART FOOD PROCESSOR COOKERY, by Carmel Berman Reingold, Dell, 250 pp., $4.95, a manual of recipes to be prepared with a high-speed pulverizer. So popular (and yet so recherché) has become the so-called *cuisine minceur*—an effort to eat in high Gallic style without gourmandizing—that we have at hand Michel Guérard's CUISINE MINCEUR, Morrow, 283 pp., $12.95. Anybody who can recognize the difference between zwieback and *millefeuille* knows Guérard, who was the force behind the celebrated Pot-au-Feu restaurant, in a remote corner of Paris, and who left it for Eugénie-les-bains, in the Pyrenees, where he created the *cuisine minceur*. Besides the art of macerating and the *minceur*, here is what is new, as well as warmed-over, this winter:

THE WISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COOKERY, William H. Wise Company, distributed by Grosset & Dunlap, 1,329 pp., $12.95. This handbook is as useful to the crossword-puzzle freak as to the cook. Handy for copy editors, too. Arranged in alphabetical order are all possible terms pertaining to gastronomy (and even the ills that attend culinary malpractice). Where else would one find out about tuschink cheese or twankey tea? Or get a full course in camp cookery with diagrams or, among the 5,100 recipes, directions for making Red Gunnard en Papillote à l'Italienne?

CRAIG CLAIBORNE'S FAVORITES FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, Vol. 2, Quadrangle, 386 pp., $12.50. Himself is back, as promised, with a collection of last year's recipes and culinary essays reprinted from the Wednesday food pages of *The New York Times*. Trying to clip, paste, and save recipes printed in newspapers being a messy business, Claiborne sweeps up an annual collection between hard covers. If you missed the best of Uncle Tai (Hunamese and hot), it's here. So is the over-famed $4,000 meal for two, a *tour de force*meat that brought, along with the check, a fallout of controversy.

THE GREAT FOOD PROCESSOR COOKBOOK, by Yvonne Young Tarr, Random House, 406 pp., $12.95. Food processors, it says here, represent the greatest single change in American cooking since the pots were moved from the fireplace into a regular kitchen. The cookbook writers are sure to lay down a barrage of books about them. This one is for owners of Cuisinart, Kitchenaid, or Starmix processors. Each recipe is coded for the respective machines, the versatilities of each being different. Assuming anyone possessed of (or by) a processor is an upgrade cook, the recipes are often unusual and imaginative.

NOODLES GALORE, by Merry White, Basic Books, 280 pp., $9.50. Nobody's talking about boiled noodles with butter sauce. Merry has sailed into a far more mysterious world, beyond the shores of lasagna. She talks in terms of mafalda, gemelli, and rotini. She deals with shirataki and phaluda. And what results are such diversities as Chinese periwinkles with linguine, fried Thai noodles, and mussels Leopardo. But then there is Grandmother's Chicken Noodle Soup, too. In all, enough to make you cry, *Basta pasta!*

THE COMPLETE ASIAN COOKBOOK, by Charmaine Solomon, McGraw-Hill, 511 pp., $15.95. The fascination of Americans with the kitchens of the Far East may only have just begun. No matter that New York now seems to have as many Japanese restaurants as Italian; to say nothing of Chinese salons representing the cuisines of provinces not yet recognized by Peking. What seems in the offing is the exotica of India and Pakistan—and not just curry, either; the spicy peanut sauces and sambals of Indonesia; the Chinese-influenced Vietnam cuisine, already popular in Paris; and dishes from Sri Lanka, where Solomon began to publish recipes. Easily the most handsome and the most varied and complete book of Asian cookery yet published. Photographs, by Reg Morrison, are page-lickin' good.

THE SETTLEMENT COOK BOOK, The Settlement Cook Book Company, Simon & Schuster, 567 pp., $9.95. Seven decades of kitchen commandos have learned that the way to a man's heart is through *The Settlement Cook Book*. First organized as a means of helping Milwaukee immigrants learn American ways, it has been a staple since it arrived with the spring of 1901. Simplified now, and easier to read, it has reorganized recipes to conform with social changes, especially easier entertaining in a servantless world, and ingenious use of leftovers in an inflated economy.

THE WORLD OF CHEESE, by Evan Jones, Knopf, 292 pp., $12.50. More than you want to know, and then some, by the noted food writer who cut his eyeteeth on Sunday suppers based on cheese "week after week, year after year." The feast of fromagerie is divided into three parts. In the first Evans sings of the blues, intones prayerfully over the holey cheeses, divides the goats from the sheep. Secondly, and briefly, he tells how to buy, how to cut, how to store, and such. Finally, there is a sixty-page portfolio of recipes, everything from cheesecake to spanikopitta, both of which I tested. The former was a *succès fou*, the latter, bland without dill and onions. No matter. There is enough here for some lively experiments, as well as a lexicon for a lagniappe.

THE THOUSAND RECIPE CHINESE COOKBOOK, by Gloria Bley Miller, Grosset & Dunlap, 926 pp., $12.95. A new edition of the massive book that Anne Willan, of

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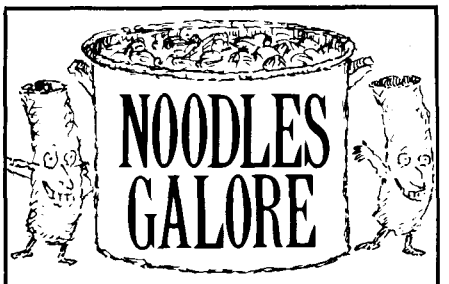

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the *Washington Star*, once summed up as "the Fanny Farmer of Chinese cooking." That's no wok knock. Miller was taken out to a Chinese restaurant in San Francisco a dozen years ago, and, more overwhelmed than most, decided to learn how to make everything that was chop-stick liftable, and that includes two ways to make shark's fin omelets and eleven ways to make white-cut chicken (not to be confused with red-cooked chicken). She has distilled the mystery into straightforward steps any clunk with a cleaver can understand. Ingredients and procedures are set forth plainly, and there is enough here to keep you stirring and frying through the Year of the Chicken (1982).

BAKE BREAD!, by Hannah Solomon, J. B. Lippincott, 80 pp., $3.95. As Julia Child, one of our culinary founding mothers, once, trenchantly, asked, "How can a nation be great if its bread tastes like Kleenex?" That quotation is inscribed as an up-front theme setter in this slim how-to handbook. Solomon is not going to let 'em eat Kleenex, which is neither nourishing nor economical. Instead she gives instructions, accompanied by Edward Stevenson's clear-view photographs, on how to make real bread-tasting bread, everything from pizza (it's a bread, too) to cinnamon-raisin spiral.

AROUND THE WORLD VEGETARIAN COOKBOOK, by Mary Bayramian, Troubadour Press, 120 pp., $3.95. If you're harboring a counterculturist here is a clutch of ideas swept up from all corners of the globe, including Israel, which nurtures an entire vegetarian village. From the East Indians come thucahley foogaths; from the Mexicans, lima beans with cream cheese (well, *they* like it); from the Rumanians, caraway-seed soup with dumplings. The United States has come up with lentil and walnut hors d'oeuvre balls, and if you don't try that with your next carrot-juice cocktail, you're chicken.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF PRESERVING, by Marye Cameron-Smith, Bobbs-Merrill, 208 pp., $18.95. Well, preserving means any method of storing food and, far from being a how-to book, Cameron-Smith has created a gorgeous big volume filled with color and information and laced with recipes using fruits, vegetables, meats—or whatever. That means anything from pineapple upside-down cake to game pâté. Since freezing is preserving, too, there are directions for deep-sixing hamburger and the buns. But the photographs are so evocative, chances are you'll be smoking fish or turning out a roly-poly pudding before you dust off the first mason jar. ◉

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Booked for Travel

Revival on the Wabash

by Horace Sutton

THE ten years that George Rapp spent in Indiana didn't shake the world, but they caused men on two continents to marvel. To the thousands who will be coming to his revived settlement of New Harmony, in the southwest corner of Indiana, there will be some wide-eyed wonder, too.

George Rapp was a clergyman and a communist in the pure sense of the word as it was understood in the early days of the nineteenth century. He was younger than Marx and, as it happened, died in 1847, which was the year Marx and Engels were to undertake the writing of the Communist Manifesto. By that time Rapp had created three communist towns in the United States, and had been hailed by his Pittsburgh obituarist as "the greatest communist of the age."

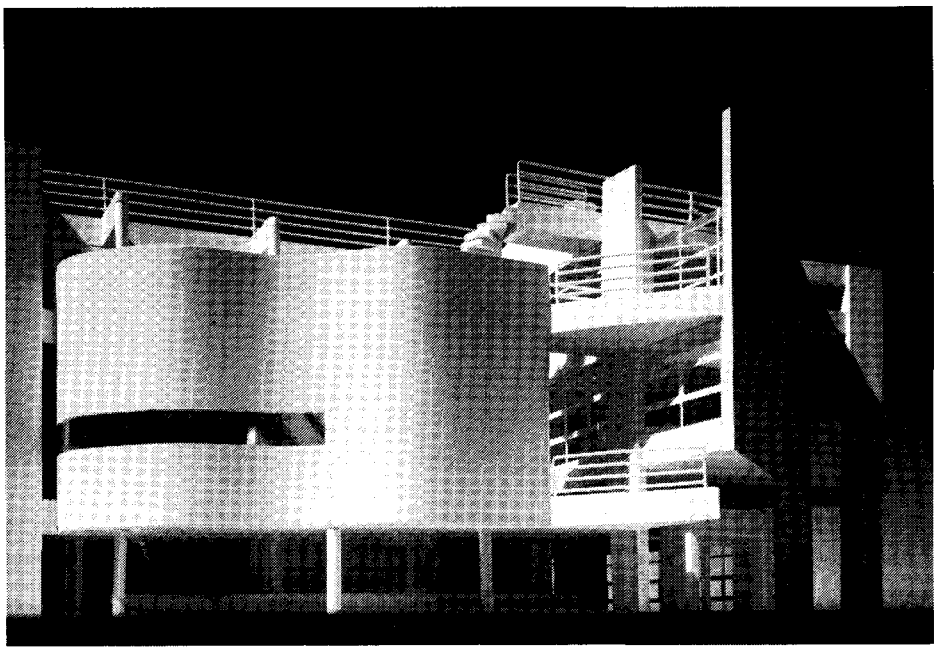
But Rapp saw communal living as a utilitarian means to fulfill a religious revelation. A breakaway Lutheran from Württemberg, Germany, Rapp preached that God, being perfect, was both male and female and thus could create life. Man, made by God in His image, was therefore both male and female and didn't need a partner to create new life. It was Adam, according to Rapp's interpretation, who disrupted the harmony God had established, by seeking to have that which was female in him made into a separate partner in the manner of animals. Thus began the war between men and women, a matter that, ever since, social arbiters have fallen over themselves to explain.

All this disharmony would be put aright with the Second Coming of Christ, an event that Rapp preached as imminent. His adherents, called Harmonists, followed him—while other, similar believers went to Russia—to America, where they would cease to propagate man in his fallen image, dedicating their energies, rather, to building a model settlement that would be ready for the Great Event. To that end they pledged all their worldly goods, inheritances included, to the society; agreed to live by the laws of the community; and conceded that, if one should ever withdraw, he would not ask for remuneration for his labors or donations. On the other hand, the society, for its part, guaranteed all the needs of the members—housing, schooling, and medical care; further agreeing to give any departing member an amount in cash that reflected the member's deportment while part of the society.

With those ground rules and those motivations, Rapp led his society from Württemberg to Butler County in Pennsylvania, where for ten years they maintained a colony. But they found the winters too cold and the seasons too short for the crops they wanted to grow—especially hops and grapes—and in 1814 Rapp set out on horseback for the West. He found 5,000 acres of fertile land in the Wabash Valley, and in June of 1814, the Harmonists piled forty wagonloads aboard three flatboats and, along with careful plans for the new colony and $4,000 they had amassed in trade in the East, sailed the Ohio and the Wabash to their new home.

Only five years later, a London diarist traveling from Kentucky to Illinois described this New Harmony as "that wonder of the West." An American economist wrote that "the settlement made more rapid advances in wealth and prosperity than any equal body of men in the world at any period of time, more in one year than other parts of the United States . . . have done in ten." Karl John Richard Arndt, who has written fulsomely on Rapp and the Harmony Society, notes that the per capita wealth of the colony was ten times that of the U.S. average.

An artful model of the society during its Indiana decade—for it stayed in its second home for only ten years—has been created now in a revived New Harmony. Housed in the rebuilt Solomon-Wolf house, once the abode of a shepherd, the maquette emerges from a pit, revolves, is alternately bathed in light and smothered in darkness, its important buildings, as the commentary proceeds apace, needled by narrow shafts of light.



Meier's Atheneum—"fussy assortment of Corbusierian accouterments."

A London visitor who made an excursion here in 1822 reported a community of 700 individuals whose "present state of improvement and accumulating wealth justly excite the admiration." Log cabins were giving way to brick buildings. In their new buildings "these people exhibit taste and boldness of design in their works."

They had built a shoe factory, a distillery, and a brewery. Their country store sold goods and wares to the country people. The flour from their mill, textiles from their looms, and produce from their fields went by keelboat and flatboat to market. There were agents in other cities

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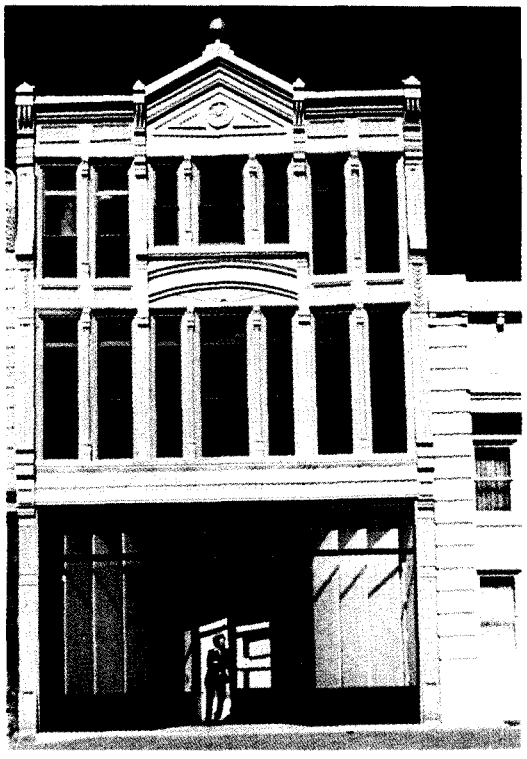
in Eastern America and some in Europe.

Yet Rapp now felt that he was too far from his markets, and even though he and his followers had held strong political influence in Indiana and the colony had become as famed as it was rich, he moved again, back to Pennsylvania. The entire village was sold to Robert Owen, a Welshman who was a wealthy millowner, a social reformer, and an atheist. In Scotland, where he operated the mills at New Lanark, he gathered a reputation for improving conditions of child labor, housing, and sanitation, and for instituting child education. These factory reforms were rewarded



New Harmony's gallery—"some budding Santa Fe or Aspen or Salzburg."

with commercial success, inspiring him to move toward daring social reorganization. He paid $150,000 for Rapp's town and all its buildings and gardens. Here he expected to organize his own commune, whose members would not be fired by religious zeal. Rather, they would be persons of "superior dispositions," as he called them, who would exercise their intellectuality and promote a new moral world.

An early adherent of Robert Owen's, a Scotsman named William Maclure, active in the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, headed for New Harmony, too, but not before organizing a band of scholars and scientists who secured their own river craft for the trip to Indiana aboard what was to become famous in America as the Boatload of Knowledge.

Although Owen left in two years' time, marking the end of the experiment in Owenite living, his sons, some of whom had come over in The Boat, all settled in New Harmony, dominating its social and intellectual life. Robert Dale Owen, the eldest son, became a congressman from Indiana and was instrumental in passing the bill that was to create the Smithsonian Institution, of which he was to become a regent. Another son, David Dale Owen, who maintained laboratories first in the kitchen of a Harmonist dormitory, later in their shoe factory and stone quarry, sent the Smithsonian many specimens from his own collections.

The Boat included Samuel Chase, who has been called the father of American entomology. As for Maclure, he wrote the first major work on American geology. Though it was, with Robert Owen's departure, no longer a commune, New Harmony simmered as an intellectual center, amid the cornfields of Indiana, until the 1870s, and then it began slowly to die.

Kenneth Dale Owen, a descendant, left it in the late 1930s to make his way through college and earn a living. While in Texas, working as an oil geologist, he married Jane Blaffer. Her father, Robert Lee Blaffer, was a founder of the Humble Oil Company and in a double stroke of fortune was, as well, an admirer of Robert Owen.

In 1970 New Harmony had a population of 941 citizens, a third of them over the age of sixty-two and 15 percent living at the poverty level. Jane Blaffer Owen, with Kenneth, had moved back to New Harmony and was buying buildings for restoration. Mrs. Owen met Ralph Schwarz, an urban planner who had had a hand in organizing the United Nations' New York site. Together they began to plan a vast restoration, not only of the Harmonist buildings that are reflective of Rapp's colony—although that is an important part—but of an intellectual center that is a rightful descendant of the Owenites, to whom Mrs. Owen, through her husband, is related.

Thus, the log cabins have been restored, several of them in various phases; the earliest when the first Harmonists had only an adz and no sawmill and therefore no boards and no floors; then the later ones insulated with wattle and mud, and circled with fencings to keep out the wolves. The New Harmony Inn is a picture-book small hotel that follows Harmonist themes, close to the Shakers', but in contemporary line. The entry house is a brick building with a registry desk and a lofty lobby, spare and uncluttered. The rooms, in a separate building, are devoid of the customary dashboards that control TV, radio, lights. There is neither television nor radio, but there is a fireplace and a glass view of Indiana countryside. Moreover, there is an all-year pool in a greenhouse, and tennis courts will be ready with the spring.

The roofless church designed by Philip Johnson would surely have startled George Rapp, for Johnson has created a dropped-handkerchief design of draped shingles that cover a Virgin created by Jacques Lipchitz. As a Jew, faithful to the religion of his ancestors, says Lipchitz's inscription, he "made this Virgin for the understanding of men so that the life of the spirit prevails." As much a stroke of artful, intellectualized boldness as it is a sign of religiosity, the church, in its departural design, may pale alongside Richard Meier's Atheneum, which is planned for a site above a section of the Wabash Valley that ordinarily floods with the spring. Meier's fussy assortment of angles, corners, pipe balustrades, and other Corbusierian accouterments, will hold a 200-seat restaurant rising above the swollen river, as well as conference rooms and halls. Alongside it will be an open-air theatrum for dance, symphony, or musical drama.

With four theaters in New Harmony and over a score of participating faculties from universities, the reviving town sees itself as some budding Santa Fe or even an Aspen or Salzburg. In that sense it will be a rebirth of the Owenite intellectual thrust.

Recently a party of Amish carpenters were hired as a group to build prefabricated sections of a large barn, which they raised in a day, much to the pleasure of the townsfolk, so newly redeemed from the pits of poverty. While the barn represents the Harmonist era, it will house a scenery workshop administered by the University of Evansville's drama department. Moreover, there is a facility for visitors to watch the scenery interns and their instructors at work. The sets will be used in New Harmony's four theaters, including the brick Opera House, the Harmonists' last building, put up as a dormitory in 1824. Restored by the State of Indiana, it now seats 250 and maintains a May-to-September season. A museum of the theater is planned for the old cooper shop; programs in journalism in the restored John Beal House, a relic of 1829.

The Indiana legislature also voted funds

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to build Harmonie State Recreation Area (it voted, as well, for the old spelling), a vast open area with a large pool and roads leading through the grasslands to camping areas that have been designed for assorted tastes—horsemen, primitive camping, modern camping, and even rally or group camping. Roads and park come to an investment of nearly $5 million. Add to that nearly $6 million in grants for New Harmony from the Lilly Endowment, $1 million from the town, and assorted private investment including that of Mrs. Kenneth Dale Owen, and the total begins to reach the $25 million that Ralph Schwarz estimates as the ultimate outlay.

Concerts are performed by the high-school band in the restored bandstand. There are no tracks that go anywhere, but the old railroad station is being put back together. A bicycle shop will attend those who would use the four-mile-long bike path. Hops are growing, although no brewery is planned, an oversight that might disappoint those students who will one day inhabit the living quarters being built for visiting matriculants.

Already some residents have been inspired to restyle their own houses; merchants have been induced to start enterprises here on the banks of the Wabash near the Illinois bridge. There is already a Harmonie Haus in town, selling glass geegaws; the inevitable gallery; the Lemon Tree, an ice-cream parlor; and some antique and fine food shops. Especially, there is the Shadblow Restaurant, which is built around a shadblow tree in the town section called The Mews.

The Shadblow is no restoration, but its menu is a revival of prices from other times—eighty-five cents for a hamburger, a shrimp-salad bowl for $2.75, and a roast-beef dinner for $2.45. All that goes with a view of the tree, which, secluded in an inner court, gives off purplish berries that, as the Indians showed the settlers, could be stewed, used for jam, dropped into puddings and muffins as raisins, and added to foods as a flavoring. They were used for so many things they were called service berries and also June berries. In spring the tree is white with blossoms, and came to be known as a shadblow tree because the flowers bloom when the shad rise in coastal rivers.

Like much in New Harmony, it is a singular touch. When the builders decided on the location and the shadblow, they planted the tree and waited until it took before putting up the restaurant around it. Like much in New Harmony, it took root nicely. ◉

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The Pulse of the Sea

A Monthly Letter from The Cousteau Society

The Ocean, Survival, and the Pursuit of Happiness

by Jacques-Yves Cousteau

O ocean of old
Impetuous flood
That winds around the whole world.
—AESCHYLUS

LIKE a spider in the center of its web, *Calypso* lies at her moorings, her nylon lines made fast to four heavy anchors. The site is the channel between the islands of Makronesos and Kea, in the Aegean Sea. Deep under our keel, sixty-three fathoms below, rests one of the largest shipwrecks in the world, that of the S.S. *Britannic*, sister ship of the *Titanic*. A few feet longer than her famous relative, she exploded and sank with 1,134 people on board while serving as a hospital ship, on November 21, 1916, in yet-unexplained circumstances. She lies on starboard, a large hole in her side. On board *Calypso*, from sunrise to sunset, thirty men hectically bustle about, juggling with hawsers, disentangling cables, hauling in slings, filling jumbo Aqua-Lungs with mixtures of helium, nitrogen, and oxygen, launching our diving saucer, or lowering the submersible decompression chamber. Finally, like armored knights, our deep-sea divers, three at a time, vanish in the crystal-clear water for fifteen minutes of exploration at a depth of 420 feet, followed by a period of decompression lasting two and a half hours. We are conducting an investigation into the exact causes of the disaster. Already we know that a single torpedo in the forehold was enough to put an end to the brief career of the *Britannic*.

The 850-foot-long *Titanic*—pride of the White Star Line—was declared "unsinkable" by her builders; commissioned in 1912, she struck an iceberg and foundered during her first Atlantic crossing, in a memorable tragedy. During her construction, the *Britannic* was modified to be even more "unsinkable" than her unfortunate sister—she went down swiftly, after a short year of navigation.

History is full of such examples of technicians and builders pluming themselves on their infallibility; in Aeschylus's tragedy, Prometheus, enchained forever in the burning sun to pay for having transmitted fire and science to mortals and for having inspired them with a blind faith in their own enterprises, cries out

How weak is Science
Confronted with Destiny!

Nowadays, each year, roughly 1 million tons of proud, unsinkable ships are engulfed by the sea or run aground or sometimes even disappear mysteriously, often spreading disastrous oil slicks or deadly chemicals in the ocean. One-third of the 45,000 "indestructible," corrosion-resistant drums containing radioactive waste that were dumped off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States have already burst open and are slowly releasing plutonium and other long-life poisons into the sea.

How can we trust, then, the sweeping, peremptory assertions of the conventional decision-makers—technocrats, politically oriented government officials, or profit-only–minded big-business leaders? If we believe in progress, as we should, to whom can we turn to obtain an unbiased evaluation of the risks we can accept, not only for ourselves but also for our children, our grandchildren, and the hundreds and thousands of generations to come? The answer is obvious: the average citizen can rely only on his own judgment; his civic duty is to give utterance to that judgment by all means and as loud as he can.

It seems that common sense is sufficient to make good judgments by referring to two basic criteria: in the first place, no risk at all should be taken when survival of the human species is at stake or when the quality of life of future generations may be threatened (we have no moral right to make our children pay dearly for our selfish remissness). Second, no chance should be taken on issues that could bring about irreversible damage to the environment we live in. There are good reasons to believe that the public is beginning to be aware of these criteria: in Sweden, after forty years in power, the socialists were overthrown because the voters became frightened by the irreversible risks inherent in the development of nuclear energy; and in London, a Royal Commission, headed by a former advocate of atomic reactors, finally recommended, after two and a half years of study, postponement of nuclear-plant development. Meanwhile, in the Mediterranean, the growing concern of bordering populations brought about an international conference to harness the alarming pollution in that endangered sea.

EVERY year, an increasing number of adults and greater crowds of young people become interested in wildlife and in marine life. Life is probably rare in the universe; we are already sure that within the entire solar system the earth is the only planet where higher forms of life can thrive today. What has yet to be fully realized by people at large is that life was born in water, that water is indispensable to life in general, and consequently that efficient protection of the water systems of the whole world is indispensable for our very survival. Unfortunately, the ocean is the sewer for the entire planet; rain, streams, and rivers drag into the sea toxic particles from the smoke of the factories or of the incinerators, lead compounds from the exhausts of automobiles, pesticides from farm and domestic sprays. . . . Euratom still dumps radioactive waste in the Atlantic. . . . Any irreparable damage done to the water system is an unatonable crime; any human enterprise that *might* bring about such permanent scars must be withheld until it is proved harmless. Hence the protective ozone layer of the upper atmosphere should be kept undisturbed until we know better; in the meantime, supersonic transports and spray cans should be eliminated; in peacetime, military planes should not fly at high altitudes. The permanent damages that have already been done must be publicized as examples of mistakes to be avoided in the future.

While I am writing these lines, three

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Calypso divers, back from the wreck of the *Britannic,* are going through a slow and safe decompression scheme. They have photographed the hole in the hull and inspected the staved-in hold; they were amazed to find, in the Mediterranean desert, such a variety and such a quantity of fish, shellfish, and crustaceans crowded in this huge corroding shelter, safe from the devastating gear of modern fishermen. High above, huge tankers and freighters, carrying millions of tons of merchandise to every corner of a shrinking world, file off unceasingly in the channel. Once more I realize how vital the ocean is, fundamentally, to all human activities.

The ocean has the capacity to absorb and neutralize a certain quantity of degradable pollutants every year, but as far as non-degradable pollutants are concerned, they just pile up in the sea and are biologically concentrated in the flesh and in the entrails of marine creatures; as for those indestructible toxic materials such as mercury, the only acceptable discharge level is, in the long run, *zero.* As a consequence, no lead compound should ever be added to gasoline, nuclear waste should be isolated forever from the water system, international laws prohibiting any discharge of permanent poisons should be formulated by a high ocean authority and implemented and enforced by each country, and the Law of the Sea Conference should define "zones of responsibility" for ocean-bordering nations instead of the dangerous 200-mile "economic zones" that are about to be adopted.

It is obviously easier and cheaper to prevent rather than to cure: all gaseous and liquid effluents should be purified at each source instead of our hopelessly trying to clean up rivers or sewers after they have been polluted. Government and municipal funds would be better used to help factories and communities promote such individual purification devices rather than to construct extremely expensive and inefficient water-treament plants.

SOLUTIONS to the major problems of our time—energy, food, minerals, population—can be found only if we do not slight the vital importance of a healthy global water system rooted in the ocean.

As far as energy is concerned, the only source that may create irreversible conditions threatening our survival is atomic energy: logically, it should be banned worldwide. At the opposite pole, the only inexhaustible and totally harmless source of energy is the sun. Direct solar heating and cooling, conversion of light into electricity, modern wind-powered generators, ocean thermal-energy conversion plants, currents, waves, open-ocean kelp farms, etc.—an all-out worldwide effort could bring about, by the turn of the century, global self-sufficiency with hydrogen and methane replacing gasoline and natural gas. To bridge the twenty-five-year gap, oil, offshore oil, and coal could be exploited with acceptable standards of safety for our environment. The vast investments needed for such a policy can be found only if our costly nuclear mistakes are stopped immediately; the transition would be greatly helped by energy-conservation measures. Such a plan will inevitably be adopted someday, but the sooner the switch, the smaller the cost . . . and the risk.

The food shortages that may bring about awful tragedies are today essentially a matter of better distribution of available crops; but in a few years the question will become a severe problem of mismanagement of water and of soil. If at all repairable, a mistake made needs centuries to be corrected. One inch of soil washed away by faulty irrigation takes an average of 800 years to be replaced.

Deep-sea mining of the well-publicized "nodules" that litter the bottom of the Pacific in two or three miles of depth is technologically feasible and could be performed with little damage to the marine environment. Nodules contain iron and manganese, of which we have no shortage, but also copper and other rare minerals. For strategic reasons, technologically advanced nations—the United States, Japan, and European countries—want to start mining nodules as soon as possible. Less developed nations (Zambia and Chile, for instance) fear that such mining would reduce the demand for their ore and jeopardize their fragile economies. The seabed committee has recommended that such open-ocean resources be the common property of mankind. This generous and logical conclusion was proposed to the General Assembly of the United Nations by Ambassador Pardo, of Malta, and was unanimously adopted. But the resolution was soon forgotten. This problem is one of the major barriers blocking the ill-fated Law of the Sea Conference.

Many environmentalists consider the population explosion to be the "primary pollution." It certainly is; however, some sociologists recommend "population management." I strongly disagree with this last statement. "Management" applies to resources, to agriculture, to cattle, but not to people. In very poor countries a couple feel that the only way they can assure their security in old age is to have many children. We have to offer them other solutions. The fight against population overflow can succeed only by barbarous coercion (which we strongly reject) or by an enormous effort combining better living conditions and security for all humankind, as well as intensive education of the public through mass media as well as other conventional channels. This program must include high doses of environmental education.

A PRIMITIVE man alone in wilderness had a hard time struggling for the mere survival of his mate, his children, and himself. He had no free time at all to dream and to form such an abstract concept as "happiness." Early human beings grouped into nomad communities, became more secure, and divided tasks among themselves, thus earning leisure time. They were then able to develop the notion of happiness, a vague mixture of safety, comfort, moral and religious trends. Security led to population increase; improved living standards extended the burden imposed by a tribe upon the surrounding environment; when local resources ran short, the community moved to another site. The advent of agriculture, the population explosion, and recently the coming of the industrial age increased the human pressure on natural resources to a dangerous extent. Born of the legitimate struggle for survival, ironically, the pursuit of happiness may today endanger the very survival of the human species as well as that of practically all life on earth and in the ocean.

Fortunately, human beings are endowed with exceptional faculties to reason, to assess danger, and to imagine ingenious solutions to the most complex problems. Facing today's environmental emergencies, the people of the world are armed with faster and better information than ever. I believe that from the heart of the people a new concept of happiness will emerge, based on a better evaluation of the renewable and non-renewable resources of the planet, on a selfless desire to share these resources more equitably, on respect and love for nature and for life, as well as on the development of new and higher moral standards. If "quantity" cannot be increased indefinitely, "quality," on the contrary, can grow forever.

Only when survival and a high degree of quality of life are granted to all will individuals be able to seek their own kind of "happiness"! ◉

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World Progress Report

High Standards

Upwardly mobile Americans whose pursuit of happiness leads them to the ladder of success may take what comfort they can from the interest of the federal government in their ascent. So far the government has stopped short of guaranteeing success, but it has taken steps to make sure that the ladder is safe.

The Occupational Safety and Health Administration—charged with safeguarding American workers against maiming, poisoning, and other on-the-job hazards—recently proposed new and presumably improved standards for "walking and working" surfaces in industry. The ladder-safety rules, as reported in the *Federal Register*, take up no fewer than ninety pages.

Sterilizing the Border

In an unusual alliance against a common enemy, the United States and Mexico have teamed up to play a practical joke on the screwworm fly, a nasty pest that attacks cattle. The headquarters for the plot is a new $14-million "fly factory" near Tuxtla Gutiérrez, deep in southern Mexico, where 300 million or more male screwworm flies will be artificially bred each week and brought to maturity. The flies will then be sterilized by exposure to radiation and released in multitudes to seduce unsuspecting, lubricious virgin screwworm females, whose life cycle affords each but a single sexual experience.

If that single, impulsive mating produces no offspring, the screwworm-fly population will be that much lower in the next generation. Eventually, according to the scheme, the repeated release of overwhelming numbers of sterile males will produce a fatal preponderance of fruitless matings, and the pest population will dwindle to zero or thereabouts.

The screwworm fly, which is about twice the size of the ordinary housefly, lays its eggs in open wounds on livestock. The eggs hatch into larval worms that feast on the host's flesh, causing sudden, severe weight loss and, before long, death. In Texas, screwworm-fly infestations from Mexico were causing livestock losses exceeding $100 million per year until the early 1960s, when one of the first large-scale sterile-male programs brought the pest under control.

Despite the success of the Texas program, however, the screwworm fly has remained a serious, $30-million-per-year pest in Mexico. The United States, moreover, has had to seed the entire 2,000-mile Texas-Mexico border with sterile males on a regular schedule in order to prevent reinfestations from the south.

The new program, under the aegis of the four-year-old Joint Mexico–United States Commission for Screwworm Eradication, will move the screwworm-fly frontier almost 1,000 miles south to the 125-mile-wide Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Once the pest has been brought under control north of the narrow isthmus, new screwworm-fly immigration from Central America should be relatively easy to prevent.

Forecast for 2001

A new analysis prepared for the U.N. Department of Economic Affairs disputes the popular prophecy that the world is doomed to ecological collapse, social chaos, and economic Armageddon—or worse—by the turn of the century. The report, "The Future of the World Economy," suggests that increasing population and environmental constraints need not be incompatible with an increasing standard of living for the world's poor.

According to the report, produced by an international team of economists headed by Nobel Prize winner Wassily Leontief, the future of both rich and poor nations depends on a just restructuring of the economic relations between them, as well as on radical reforms in the developing world. "To insure accelerated development," the economists warn, "two general conditions are necessary: first, far-reaching internal changes of a social, political and institutional character in the developing countries; and, second, significant changes in the world economic order. . . . A substantial reduction of the income gap between the developing and developed countries can only be achieved by a combination of both these conditions."

Lest these conditions seem impossible, however, Wassily Leontief points out that "a tiny sacrifice by the developed world—less than 1 percent in their growth rate—would produce a very high percentage increase in the growth rate of the developing countries." —ANTHONY WOLFF

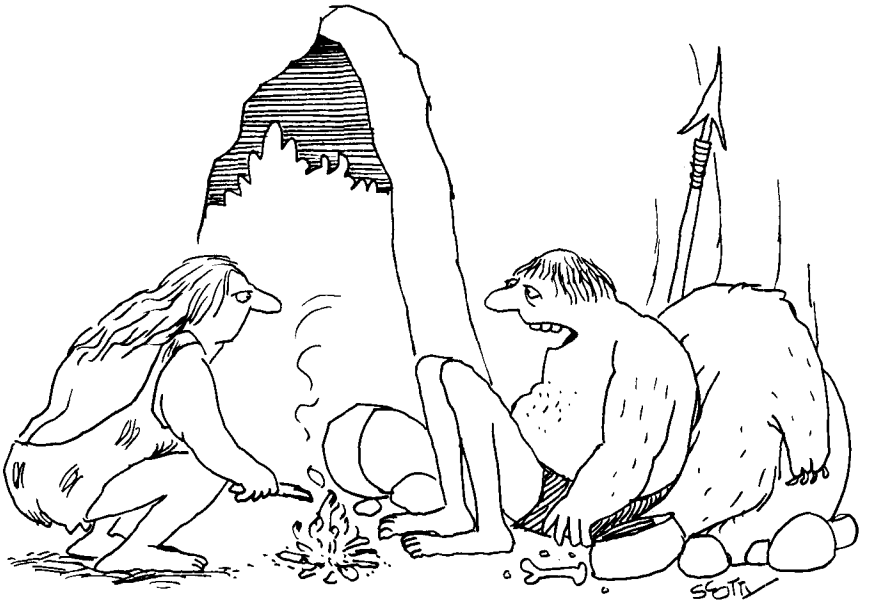
Wit Twister No. 85

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 60.

Jan watched the cresting ___ ___ ___
___ ___ overflow
And then, days later, ___ ___ ___
___ ___ away to show
At ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ruined crops,
a bloated cow—
No produce worth a single ___ ___
___ ___ ___ now.

Contributed by Arthur A. Reams, Panama City, Fla.



"You're crazy if you think I'm going out there to have some beast chew me up. I'm saving my bones for anthropology."

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Diversions

The Turvy-Topsy Japanese
(Part II)

by Leo Rosten

ARE the Japanese slaves to conformity? You bet they are. The maître d' of a Hong Kong restaurant claims that no people are so easy to serve, because when a group of Japanese dine out, they rarely look at a menu; instead they follow the choices made by whoever in the group ordered first. It also seems to be part of the mores for a Japanese never to ask how much anything on a menu costs. To ask so blunt a question is to betray shameful ill-breeding.

I have never been in a culture whose people are so imprisoned in the intricacies of duty, decorum, and interior codes. The horror of embarrassment enslaves Nippon. Ichiro Kawasaki remarks, in his brave *Japan Unmasked*, that outside of their own country, Japanese are easy targets; they assume that whatever price a foreign shopkeeper asks is fair and is the same to all customers. Inside Japan, however, "one is seldom charged more than what is usual." A Japanese will order his roof repaired without asking how much it will cost. Honor binds the roof doctor to an unspoken contract.

Are the Japanese as polite as they are reputed to be? That depends on who you are. To those they know or respect, Japanese are ceremonious beyond belief, ornate in courtesy, drowning in self-abnegation. But if you are someone a Japanese does not know, he acts like a boor on a rampage in Times Square.

Edward Seidensticker recounts (in *Japan*) how rude an urban Japanese may be to a stranger on whose toes he has stepped. The lout will not bother to say, "Excuse me." But if a Japanese knows you, apologies are elaborate and profuse. In fact, the Japanese rush to apologize for faux pas they never committed. They may greet you by exclaiming, "Oh, how could I have behaved so rudely to you yesterday?"—although not the slightest rudeness had been expressed, and yesterday's meeting had dripped amiability.

A Japanese host invites you to his table with obligatory humility: "I apologize—there is so little to eat," or "The food is so plain it is unworthy of such a distinguished guest." The dinner turns out to be a Lucullan feast.

To me it seems that Japanese self-respect is rooted in self-deprecation and nourished by compulsive self-criticism. The whole Japanese ego structure is turvy-topsy. So are many Japanese habits: for instance, carpenters build a house from the top down; farmers pull a mattock toward themselves, whereas Westerners push a spade away from themselves; Western women dress in inverse proportion to the formality of the occasion, covered up for lunch but décolleté for a ball; but Japanese women wear layer upon layer for a formal event; the more important the occasion, the more elaborate their costume.

I happen to think there is much to be said for the Japanese mode, since I have always cherished Irvin S. Cobb's observation that in New York he could not tell whether a woman was dressed for an opera or an operation.

WHY do the Japanese *smile* so much? Not because they are happy, but whenever they are uncertain—which is often. Their smiling is a mask for embarrassment, a sure sign that they face a predicament in which they just don't know what to say or do. They can't say, "No," or "I don't know," without being guilty of scandalous impropriety.

I once asked a Japanese travel agent what time the *Thunderbolt Express* would leave Kurashiki for Kyoto. He burst into hysterical laughter. In fact, he could not stop cackling all the time he raced through his railway guide. Once he found the schedule, he stopped yakking and answered in a pleasant, straightforward manner. His belly-shaking had been triggered not by amusement but by agony: he felt he should have known the departure time without consulting the schedule.

Mortification lurks in every corner for these supersensitive people. They are the swiftest blushers I ever met. "When I return from a trip abroad," writes Ichiro Kawasaki, "I find myself kow-towing neither deeply enough nor long enough to my friends; for while abroad, I had become used to nodding or shaking hands. So I often finish bowing long before others —and awkwardly, I have to start all over again."

I'll let you return to reality now with two striking passages from Seidensticker: "One sometimes hears a Japanese who has traveled abroad say: 'When I walk down the street and see a light in a western house, I feel warm. When I see a light in a Japanese house, I feel cold.' " And: "The foreigner who complains, 'But I just can't get *in* with the Japanese!' should not worry. They have trouble getting in with themselves." ◉

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"What would you suggest for a man who thinks Millard Fillmore was a great President?"

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

From Bad to Verse and Vice Worser

by Cleveland Amory

THIS country is surely obsessed with being the best—from best-seller lists all the way through to football fans screaming maniacally, "We're number one!" But now at last we've begun to go after a far more interesting field—the question of who's the worst. In their latest book, *More Best, Worst and Most Unusual*, Messrs. Bruce Felton and Mark Fowler have even gone so far as to pick out the worst in the most difficult field of all—poetry. It is, after all, the field in which, more than any other, there are more candidates for worst. Their nominee: William McGonagall, a Scottish weaver. Until the age of fifty-two, McGonagall had stuck to his loom. But then, alas, he decided, in June, 1877, to be a poet. His biographers tell the tale:

Like Vachel Lindsay, he travelled from house to house, declaiming his verse. . . . At first . . . audiences who came to hear McGonagall in Dundee, Edinburgh, New York and London sat silent and slack-jawed in disbelief.

Later, it is recorded, as his notoriety spread, people came to his readings armed with tomatoes and eggplant—with which they reviewed him on the spot.

Which of McGonagall's poems is the worst is a subject that will be debated wherever his name is mentioned. But few will dismiss lightly our own nominee, "The Demon Drink":

Oh, thou demon Drink, thou fell destroyer;
Thou curse of society, and its greatest annoyer,
What has thou done to society, let me think?
I answer thou has caused the most of ills, thou demon Drink.

Thou causeth the mother to neglect her child,
Also the father to act as if he were wild,
So that he neglects his loving wife and family dear,
By spending his earnings foolishly on whiskey, rum, and beer.

And after spending his earnings foolishly, he beats his wife—
The man that promised to protect her during life—
And so the man would if there was no drink in society,
For seldom a man beats his wife in a state of sobriety. . . .

And in the knock down she fractures her head,
And perhaps the poor wife is killed dead,
Whereas if there was not strong drink to be got,
To be killed wouldn't have been the poor wife's lot. . . .

And when the day of his trial draws near,
No doubt for the murdering of his wife, he drops a tear,
And he exclaims, "Oh thou demon Drink, through thee I must die."
And on the scaffold he warns the people from drink to fly.

Nose-for-News Dept.—as filed by Ted Jones, of Woodland, Calif., in the Woodland-Davis *Daily Democrat*:

SACRAMENTO—Hearst Castle will be closed for a complete fumigation according to state parks and recreation director Herbert Rhodes.

Rhodes said the complete fumigation is necessary to protect buildings and furnishing from Herbert Rhodes.

Well, forewarned, we guess, is forefumigated.

Help, Help Dept.—as uncovered by Eileen Harriman, of Granger, Ind., in the South Bend *Tribune*:

LOUNGE WAITRESS & Snack Bar Waitress, full & part time. Hourly wage. Automatic power steering, snow tires included.

We knew it was just a matter of time before someone came up with the idea of a bionic bunny.

Book Look—as browsed by Assistant Professor William Harrison, of Texas A&M, in the Bryan, Tex., *Eagle*:

The title of the book that was to be reviewed at Sunday's meeting at the Unitarian Fellowship was incorrectly reported on the church page of Saturday's *Eagle* as "How to Say 'No' to a Baptist and Survive." The title should have been "How to Say 'No' to a Rapist and Survive." ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 111

(Lowell) Thomas:
Good Evening, Everybody

Gene Tunney liked to pitch, and that
settled that. If the former heavyweight
champion of the world wants to pitch,
who's going to argue with him?
Gene really took the game seriously.
He even bought his chauffeur
a catcher's mitt.

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Light Refractions

Blueberries and Camelot in Nova Scotia

by Thomas H. Middleton

MANY months ago, I wrote a column in which I said that blueberries were among the most insipid of fruits. I said that the popularity of blueberries was attributable almost entirely to the word "blueberry," which bubbles about deliciously in the mouth. The response to that column was interesting. Almost all the mail defending blueberries came from New England, Minnesota, Michigan, and points north. (I'm not counting the letters that defended blueberries on the basis of recipes for blueberry pies, the ingredients for which could make corn-plaster pies palatable.)

I had just about forgotten the whole blueberry issue until this past September, when we visited my sister, Stephanie, and her husband, John May, who several years ago dropped everything to move from Connecticut to Nova Scotia, where they bought an old bluenose schooner beached alongside the Cabot Trail, on eastern Cape Breton Island, one of the world's great beauty spots, and turned it into a really excellent seafood restaurant. Their seafood chowder is a perfect synergistic blend of Poseidon and Escoffier. Even now I find my mouth doing a little hornpipe at the thought of it.

The way the blueberry thing resurfaced was that Donna Tompkins, a beautiful girl who, when she's not singing professionally, works as a waitress on the restaurant-schooner Marion Elizabeth, read the blueberry column and bridled at the irreverent treatment of her favorite berry. She told my sister to get me to come to Nova Scotia, where I could taste *real* blueberries.

When we arrived in Margaree Harbour, one of the first things we were told following the hugs-and-kisses stage was that the pastry cook, Margaret Le Blanc, had baked a blueberry pie and a batch of blueberry muffins especially for me. They were superb. I take back what I said about blueberries, and I understand why the blueberry lovers of the North took me to task. The blueberries of Southern California are about the size of acorns and maybe a little more tasty. The blueberries of Nova Scotia are small and *loaded* with sweet and pungent flavor.

In addition to Margaret Le Blanc, who has a loving and supremely effective way with pastry, the Marion Elizabeth employs Marie Alice Le Blanc (no relation) and Jeannette Le Blanc (still no relation), who specialize in the most delicately fried seafood I've tasted this side of the Far East, and at least three other beautiful waitresses—Véronique Le Blanc (no relation), Veronica Le Blanc (no relation), and Carmel Murphy (still no relation).

In order to find out how it was possible for all those Le Blancs, living in the same corner of the world, to be unrelated to one another, I did a little cursory study of the Acadian exile. All I'd known about it was that a lot of Acadians settled in Louisiana and got to be known as Cajuns. And I'd started to read *Evangeline* in my youth, but quickly realized that there were well over a hundred things, including sleeping, that I'd rather be doing.

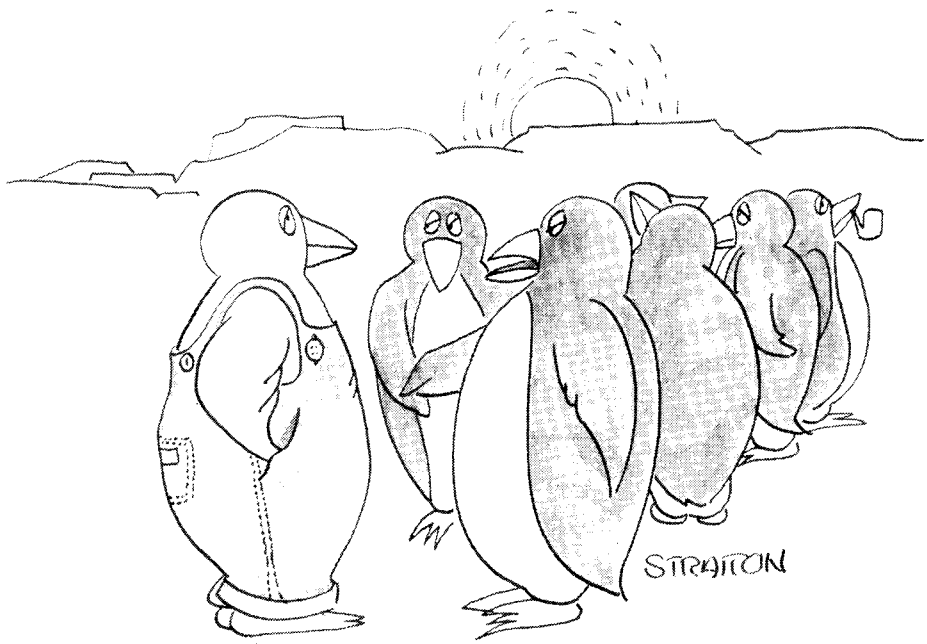
The Acadian exile took place in the 1750s. It was a hideous affair—farms were burned, families were forcibly separated and relocated among the British colonies to the south. At the time, Cape Breton was not a part of Nova Scotia, and many Acadians fled from the British-controlled sections of Canada to Cape Breton, which was French. I'm just speculating, fully aware that there are probably all sorts of historical records to prove me wrong, but I think there were probably Le Blancs on Cape Breton as early as the mid-seventeenth century and that they were joined by hundreds of Acadian Le Blancs during the mid-eighteenth century and that over the centuries relationships have got so complex that no one can figure them out.

Similar situations, in which many apparently unrelated families with the same French surname live in the same area, seem to be quite common in several parts of Nova Scotia.

I suspect that all those Le Blancs really *are* related, but only at genealogical junctions far back in the untraceable past. And I'll bet that somewhere back there, there's a connection running from Margaret, Marie Alice, Jeannette, Veronica, and Véronique Le Blanc to Tennyson's

> Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
> Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,

who, according to Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*, was Elaine Le Blank. That, of course, should have been Le Blanc, but Malory was almost as bad a speller as Chaucer, who Artemus Ward said was "the wuss speller I know of." ◉



"Sorry, we have a dress code here."

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 56):
Drina, drain, nadir, dinar

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 72* (see page 42): The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—but that's the way to bet. —Runyon

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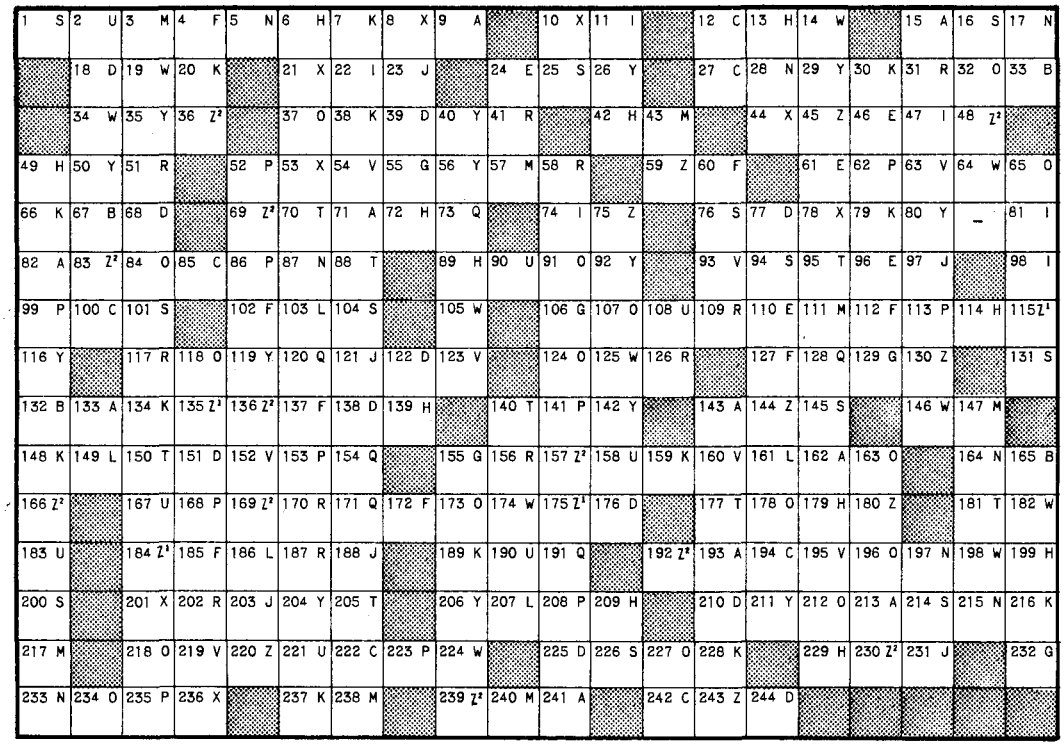

Number 112

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Quaver (2 wds.)

B. Suggestion; sprinkling

C. Inaccuracy

D. With certainty

E. Honorable; magnanimous

F. Gloomy

G. What members of the younger generation sense in one another

H. American Revolutionary general who captured the British outpost at Stony Point, N.Y. (full name)

I. Wicked

J. Makes concave

K. Phylum of starfishes, sea urchins, etc.

L. Bathsheba's husband

M. Scram, beat it (2 wds.)

N. Captivate, charm

O. Tennessee Williams play (4 wds.)

WORDS

9 15 71 82 133 143 162 193 213 241

33 67 132 165

194 222 242 12 27 85 100

151 176 225 18 39 68 77 122 138 210 244

24 46 61 96 110

112 137 4 60 102 127 172 185

232 55 106 129 155

179 199 229 13 42 72 89 49 114 139 209 6

74 98 11 22 47 81

97 121 188 203 231 23

30 66 79 159 216 237 7 20 134 228 38

148 189

103 149 161 186 207

217 240 3 57 111 147 43 238

17 87 164 197 215 233 5 28

84 107 163 178 196 227 37 173 218 32 65

91 234 118 212 124

CLUES

P. Pertaining to a Paleolithic culture of Europe, characterized by the use of stone hand axes

Q. Put off or aside from consideration

R. Early Agatha Christie novel (3 wds. followed by word S)

S. See word R (2 wds.)

T. Complete, total

U. "The ____ was strong upon/The Regulations Act" (Wilde, *Ballad of Reading Gaol*)

V. Urban district of Wales, birthplace of Aneurin Bevan (2 wds.)

W. What "pierc'd the fearful hollow" of Juliet's ear (after "the")

X. Calcareous prominence at the tip of the beak of an embryonic bird (2 wds.)

Y. How to go! Right on! Good going! (3 wds.)

Z. King of ancient Egypt; son and successor to Amenhotep III

Z¹. "We came with a straight course unto ____, and the day following unto Rhodes . . ." (Acts 21:1)

Z². Simple, plain, and informal

WORDS

208 52 113 168 99 62 153 235 86 141 223

73 120 154 171 128 191

202 41 58 117 156 187 126 170 31 51 109

76 94 200 214 101 131 16 1 226 25 104 145

150 95 177 205 70 88 140 181

221 90 158 183 167 2 108 190

195 63 152 93 160 219 54 123

125 174 19 182 34 198 146 224 105 64 14

53 78 8 44 201 10 236 21

29 35 211 80 142 26 50 204 40 92 119

116 56 206

59 243 45 130 144 180 75 220

115 135 175 184

69 230 83 157 239 192 136 36 48 169 166

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 111* appears on page 58.

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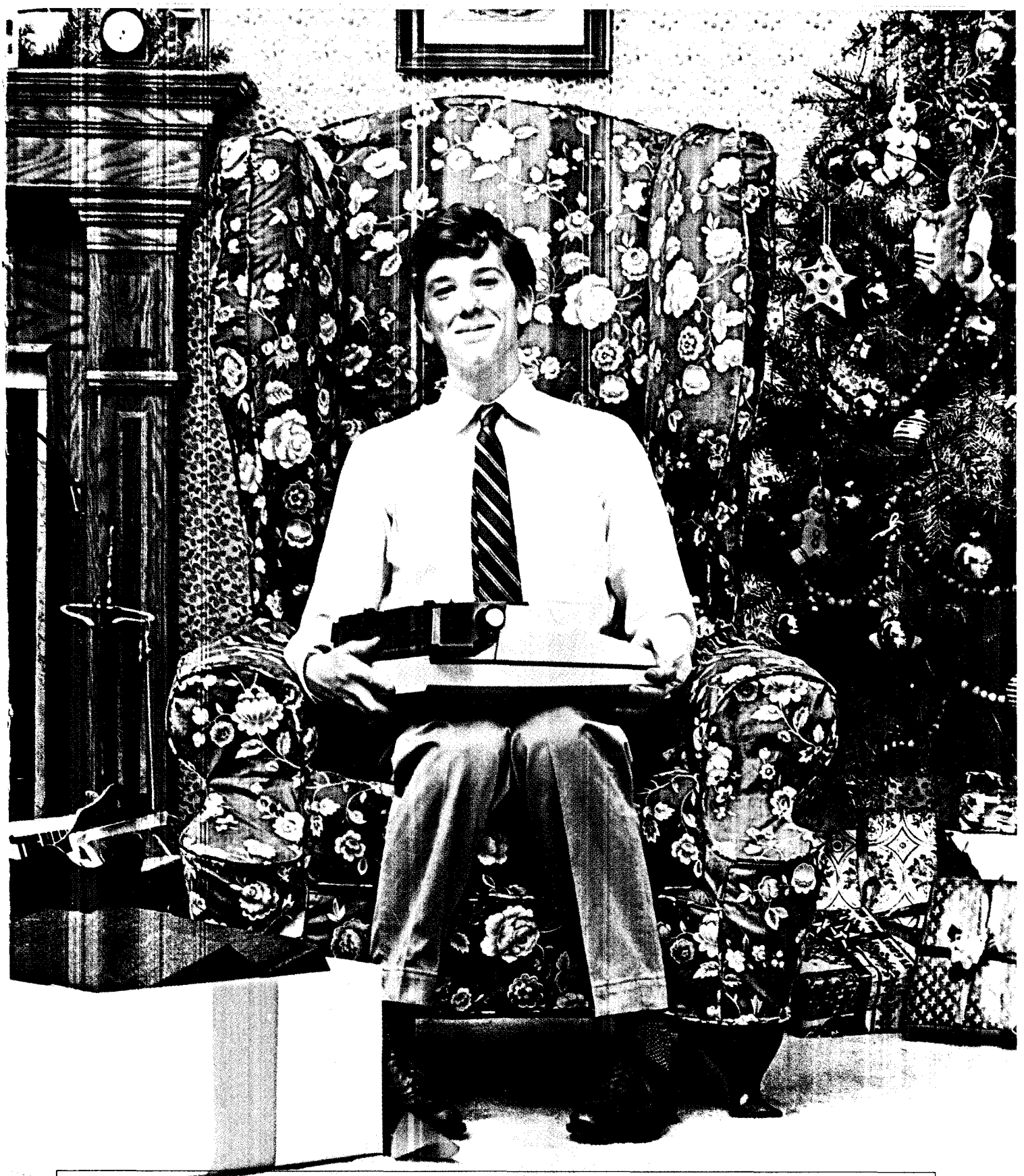

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: But when I became a man, I put away childish things. — *I Corinthians*

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BARKLEY L. HENDRICKS

HOME: New London, Connecticut

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Painter, photographer, fine arts instructor

HOBBIES: Music, basketball, traveling.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "I Wonder as I Wander" by Langston Hughes

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Displayed at a major bicentennial exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which featured the paintings of over 500 artists from American history.

QUOTE: "My work provides me with total freedom. In turn, it demands total honesty. So long as one can remain honest with himself and his work, he'll have the freedom for the exploration and satisfaction of his foremost feelings and desires."

PROFILE: Sensitive. Has a rare talent for capturing and expressing universally felt emotions in his paintings.

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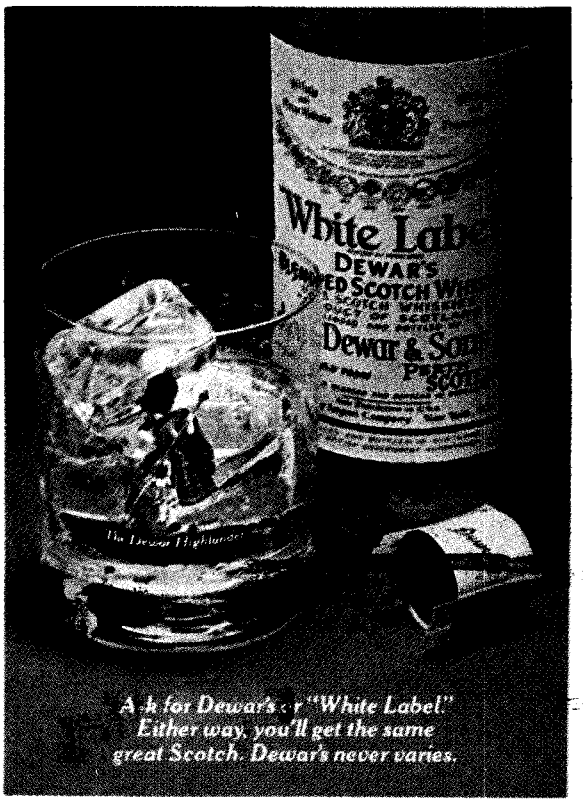

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